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THE GOLD FIEND:

—OR,—

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH-STONE.

A Story of Boston and New York.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EAVES DROPPER AND HIS ACCOMPLICE.

"I will not positively be teased, and I forbid you, on pain of my serious displeasure, to allude to the subject, for—let me see—one month at least."

These words, spoken very emphatically by Mrs. Norman, and addressed to Harry Redwood, as they sat together in the elegant drawing-room of the former, were far from producing a pleasant effect on the mind of that elegant and enterprising gentleman. He colored, bit his lips, and then, checking any further manifestation of vexation, as prejudicial to his matrimonial speculation, heaved a deep sigh—an orthodox demonstration that could not possibly be misconstrued.

There was an awkward pause.

"I see very plainly," said he, "that my presence is an annoyance—I have felt it for some time."

"Why will you persist in tormenting yourself so, Mr. Redwood—Harry? Don't you know that it is useless to try to wile a bird back even to a golden cage the very moment of its temporary liberty? Give it an opportunity to flutter for awhile in the free air and the bright sunshine, and it will fly back of its own accord."

Redwood brightened up.

"And now let me tell you something," pursued the widow. "In exactly one fortnight hence, I'm going to give a party—a *soiree magnifique*. You will receive a formal invitation, besides the verbal one I now give you. And apropos of that same soiree—I have got a commission for you to execute."

"I shall be too happy."

"I know you will."

The widow opened a desk that stood on a little mosaic table and took out a small ebony casket. As she opened it, a necklace of diamonds of the first water flashed forth rays of almost dazzling splendor.

"I shall need every accessory, that night," she said with a smile; "for I must be very killing. Now you see, some of the connecting links of these drops are broken—I'm a terribly careless creature—and I entrust this necklace to you to get it repaired by the very best workman in the city—a reliable man, of course. It must be done within a fortnight—I have told you why."

Redwood took the jewel case and placed it in his breast-pocket. "Have you any other commands, madam?"

"None that I can think of just now. But before you come again, I fancy I shall have a world of commissions. What's the use of a *cavaliere servente*, if you can't find work for him?"

Redwood bowed and made his adieux. Concealed by a window curtain, the widow watched him as he stepped lightly into his buggy, beside the most diminutive of tigers in a natty livery, and drove his blood bay down the street with the grace of Phaeton, and a little more care.

"He is a very handsome fellow," said she, as she turned to look at herself in the glass. "Some ten years younger than myself—but what of that? Women and music, they say, should never be dated. Ninon de l'Enclos made conquests at eighty—and, why should not I at—but I won't think of my age."

Meanwhile, let us follow our charioteer, the "observed of all observers," as he dexterously threads the mazes of the most cosmopolitan of New York thoroughfares, and turns into Chambers Street, where he gives the rein to his "tiger" and springing to the sidewalk, enters the principal doorway of a handsome brick block. He paused a moment to glance at a maze of small signs on one of the jambs of the doorway, and having read the name of "Mark Selwin, Artist," with a direction to the second story, ran lightly up the stairs.

A tap at a door was followed by an invitation to enter. He walked in and found himself in an elegant apartment that looked more like a drawing room than an artist's studio. The room was neatly carpeted, the windows heavily draped, there were lounges, and chairs of rosewood were in profusion, statues stood in niches, and beautiful pictures were hung upon the walls, intermingled with large mirrors.

Before an easel, lounging in an easy-chair, sat Mr. Mark Selwin, attired in an elegant dressing-gown of cashmere, with a richly embroidered smoking cap of purple velvet on his head.

He rose, shook hands with his visitor, and begged him to be seated.

"It is an age since I have seen you," said the artist. "Have a cigar?"

"Of course."

The painter handed his case to his visitor, and the two young men were soon engaged in the intellectual employment of filling the apartment with perfumed smoke.

"By Jove! these are magnificent cigars," said Redwood.

"You think so?" replied the artist, carelessly. "Well—they ought to be—they cost me ninety dollars a thousand."

"You mean that's what you promised to pay for them—"

"Not at all—what I have paid for them."

"Indeed! why, the last time I saw you—excuse me—you were hardly in a condition to indulge in such luxury."

"There are ups and downs in every man's life," replied Selwin. "By the way, don't I owe you a trifle?"

"I really can't remember."

"I don't forget these things now," said the painter. "I've got to be a man of punctuality. If you'll just take the trouble to look in your pocket-book, I think you'll find an I. O. U. for the amount I mentioned."

"I fancy if I ever had one, I've lighted my cigar with it," said Redwood.

"You reckoned it as so much blank paper," said the artist, smiling. "Well, be kind enough to look—will you?"

Redwood took out his pocket-book, and after hunting through the folds, selected a crumpled bit of paper.

"There it is," said he.

"Good," said the painter. "And here's the *quid pro quo*. Just take that money and see if it's right."

He handed Redwood a roll of bills, which the *roue* ran over hastily.

"All right," said he, as he put away his pocket-book—"and I'm much obliged to you. Money always comes handy to me—I can never keep any. But, my dear fellow, you have excited my curiosity. One day I see you vegetating in the very depths of shabbiness, and the next living in style, and with apparently plenty of money at your command. Have you found the philosopher's stone?"

"I'll tell you," said the artist. "The cause of my ruin has been my redemption; in one word—cards! I have had an extraordinary run of luck."

"Then you're on the high road to ruin"

"Not at all. I will never touch a card again."

"Ha, ha! a gambler's resolution! Why, I have registered a vow to forswear games of chance forever and a day, but yet, if temptation comes in my way, and with your example of good fortune before me, I'm afraid I shall be as yielding as a child."

"Stand firm," said Selwin, "and resist temptation. You are not pressed by the absolute want of money, as I was."

"It is easy to say that," replied Redwood, bitterly. "But you don't know my circumstances. You know my habits of extravagance? Very well, you ought to know that I must be deeply in debt. My governor has been liberal, but he is tired of making advances, and, moreover, is not the rich man he has the reputation of being. Then cards have tricked me, and luck deserted me on every occasion."

"But luck may turn with you as with me," said the artist.

"Exactly; and that's what I live in hopes of."

"And by the way, how comes on your love affair?"

"With Mrs. Norman?"

"Yes."

"Matters remain in *statu quo*, but my hopes in that quarter are bright," said Redwood. "She trusts me, and this day placed in my hands her diamond necklace to get repaired. That she will accept me, I have no doubt, but I don't want to appear like a mere adventurer to her. I must make her presents—I must keep up my style—don't you see?"

"Of course."

"But enough of business—and matrimony is certainly a very serious business. What do you say to my driving you to Harmann's at Harlem, this afternoon? I'll call for you early, for the days are short and the evenings getting sharp. Will you go?"

"Why—yes."

"Hark!" said Redwood. "I could almost swear I heard a smothered cough in this very room."

"Nonsense!"

"I thought it came from behind that scene. Had you a sitter when I entered, whom my indiscretion has driven into hiding?"

"There is no one here, I assure you," said the artist.

"It was fancy, then," said Redwood, rising. "Very well, be ready for Harlem when I call. *Au revoir.*"

Selwin showed his visitor to the door, and locked it behind him. He had no sooner done so, than Griffin emerged from the concealment of the screen, and stood in the middle of the apartment. His looks were black as night.

"So," said he, "if we are to believe this popinjay, she encourages him."

"It appears so," said the artist.

"And if he can keep up appearances, he hopes to win her?"

"You heard him say so."

"He shall never win her. Mark my words. If you are true to me, the game is in our hands."

"How?"

"How! why don't you see that it is useless to lay snares for him—he weaves them himself. This drive to Harlem—don't you see what may come of it?"

"Not exactly."

"But I do," said Griffin. "Of course, it is not improbable," he added, with marked emphasis—"that at Harmann's you will meet with Captain Pleasants—captain he styles himself—Jack Levy and Wat Ingot—who are professional gamblers."

"Well," said Selwin. "Go on."

"Well, you introduce them—they're presentable fellows all. The dogs know their trade, and dress like gentlemen; no heavy guard chains and showy studs. You might take them for parsons."

"Very well."

"Very well. You'll make one of the party."

"I wont touch a card, Mr. Griffin."

"No matter then. Put him up to play and that's enough. You may very safely leave him in the hands of those gentlemen I have mentioned. They are *sure to win*—and you know why."

"The result will be that Redwood will be cleaned out?"

"Even that would be something gained. But can you see no farther ahead than that? Don't you see that if he once gets started—he will go beyond his means?"

"Yes—he'll want to borrow money of me."

"But you'll have none to lend."

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir—he'll stake his name then—and he'll not suffer a debt of honor to go uncancelled."

"But he has no means—you heard him say that yourself, Mr. Griffin."

"You are studiously dull this morning, Mr. Selwin," replied Griffin, sarcastically. "Let me enlighten you."

And sitting down close to the artist, he detailed, in a few brief, pointed sentences, a project and a series of instructions which he charged Selwin to fulfil to the letter.

"It is too bad!" said Selwin, stamping his foot. "You ask too much of me."

"Indeed!" said Griffin, slowly, and fixing his cold, penetrating eyes on his companion, till he quailed before their basilisk glance. "Indeed! Have you forgotten our compact already?"

"Mr. Griffin," said the painter, "there is something within me that revolts against this perfidy. I must have the blood of a gentleman within my veins—for it rebels, sir, against the course you have marked out for me."

"These scruples come too late, young man," said the usurer. "You are my property now. Look around you. Who furnished this apartment? Who paid for those mirrors and hangings—for the carpet under foot—for the clothes upon your back? Am I a man to make a large investment without the certainty of a large return? Do you fancy that I give away gold? Even silver is too precious to be wasted in charity. The terms of our compact were clear—no ambiguity in a single word of the contract."

The young man was silent and covered his face with his hands.

"Dare," said Griffin, sternly—"dare but to hint rebellion—and I strip you of your finery and turn you into the streets—a beggar once more."

"There will be one resource left me?" answered Selwin, gloomily.

"And that?"

"The river."

"Is that prospect so very inviting?" asked Griffin, with a sneer.

"You have conquered me," said the painter, submissively, after a pause, during which he struggled with internal emotion. "I will do all you ask."

"Of course you will."

Selwin rose, went to a closet and brought a bottle and glasses, which he placed upon the table.

"Will you take something?" he asked.

"I haven't touched a drop since that night when I met you—and then I only drank from necessity. But what have you there—Sherry or Madeira?"

"No!" said Selwin, fiercely, as he filled a tumbler half-full of liquor. "Brandy! Do you think wine would quiet the worm that never dies? I have passed that long ago." And he swallowed the fiery potation at a gulp.

"Beware!" said Griffin, holding up a warning finger. "Remember that you have business before you."

"I'm not likely to forget it," said the painter, bitterly.

"And, remember," continued the usurer, "that while the occasion lasts, you are my slave. When your work is done, I care not what you do. Drink as deeply as you please—the deeper the better. And with these hints, my estimable young friend, adieu, until we meet again."

He bowed with mock respect and civility and left the room.

"Every word he spoke was true," said Selwin, as he paced his room. "I am his slave—and I dare not rebel. I have sold myself body and soul to the fiend of gold, and he will exact the fulfilment of our bargain to the letter. I am a mere pliant puppet in the hands of this monster."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LOSING GAME. THE PAWNBROKER'S DEN.

It was a sharp but sunshiny afternoon, as Redwood and the painter drove out to Harlem. Both of them were elegantly dressed from head to foot. Redwood's turnout was absolute perfection, and as they whirled along the crowded streets, the clerks as the shop windows, weary of waiting on customers, and chained to their employment, eyed them with envious eyes, and thought how happy they must be.

"Wise judges are we of each other!"

Young ladies, sailing along the sidewalk in the plenitude of their charms, cast furtive side-long glances of admiration at the dashing pair, and the surly cabman, as he lashed his skeleton steed into a frenzy, mentally acknowledged that Redwood's roadster was a "good un!" This was also the opinion of the Yorkshire hostler at Harlem, who as he took the horse's bridle to lead him to the stable, remarked to another fellow of the same genus, "Ah, he be's a beauty."

Three well-dressed gentlemen were on the stoop. They advanced to meet Selwin with a quiet smile.

"My dear boys!" said the painter, with an expression of cordiality and surprise, "I didn't expect to meet you here. Pleasants—my dear fellow, how are you? it's an age since I've seen you. Levy—how's your father, the judge? Ingot—how are you, old fellow? But ex-use me—I'm forgetting my friend. Mr. Redwood—let me introduce you to Captain Pleasants—an old friend of mine—Mr. Levy, Mr. Ingot—all good boys."

There was a general lifting of hats and shaking of hands. Then there ensued a little chat, and after a few moments, Captain Pleasants, who was a tall and remarkably gentlemanly man, shook hands with Redwood, hoped to meet him again, and regretted that he and his friends had just ordered their horses for the city.

"Nonsense!" said Redwood, "we cannot positively permit you to desert us. I have just ordered supper, and it will be far pleasanter to drive back by moonlight. Come, gentlemen, you are my guests."

"You are very polite," said Pleasants. "What do you say, Levy? shall we stay to supper?"

"Whatever you say, captain," answered Levy, who was a mild and accommodating gentleman.

"And you, Ingot?" asked Pleasants.

"I say whatever Levy says," answered Ingot, who was the shadow of that gentleman.

"The affair is settled," said Redwood, positively. "You remain."

"I'll countermand our horses, then," said the captain, ringing the ostler's bell.

"Waiter!" said Redwood, intercepting an individual, with a white apron. "When will that supper be ready?"

"Supper, sir? hour and a half, sir," answered the waiter, darting away to avoid further catechising.

"An hour and a half! what the deuce can we do to kill an hour and a half?"

"Suppose we step up stairs, and have a quiet game of cards?" said Captain Pleasants, carelessly.

"Cards? eh!" answered Redwood, doubtfully.

"Just for the fun of it."

"Well, what do you say to cards, Selwin?" asked Redwood.

"I should say no," answered the painter.

The reply was adroitly calculated. He knew enough of Redwood's character, to feel certain that a little opposition would only stimulate him.

"Well, then, cards by all means," said Redwood. "Come, gentlemen—follow me. I know the ropes in this house."

He led the party up stairs into a handsomely furnished apartment, and rang the bell. The same waiter he had addressed on the stoop, answered the summons.

"Bring us a pack of cards," said Redwood.

"Pack of cards, sir? none in the house, sir," answered the waiter. "All used up, sir."

"You can go then," said Redwood. "This is really amusing, gentlemen."

"Stay," said Levy. "I happen to have, by the merest chance in the world, a couple of packs in my pocket."

"Good!" said Redwood. "You're a trump card yourself."

"O, sir, you flatter me," said Levy, who was a very modest man, as he produced the "implements."

"There's five of us," said Redwood, as he clutched the pack, and drew his chair to the table. "What shall we play?"

"You will please to count me out," said Selwin.

"O, nonsense!" said Redwood. "No shirking here."

"I told you," said Selwin, in a low tone—"that I wouldn't touch a card. And I advise you to follow my example."

"O, for the matter of that," answered Redwood, in the same tone, "you have made your pile, while I have mine to make. Well, then, gentlemen," he added, raising his voice, "since my friend here absolutely backs out of this arrangement, what do you say to a game of whist? We shall have time to play a rubber before the supper bell."

"Whist, by all means," said the captain.

They sat down to the table. Levy and Redwood, to play against Pleasants and Ingot. The stakes were comparatively light.

Redwood and Levy had great hands, and carried all before them. When the supper bell rang Redwood rose in high spirits, a winner. "The tide of luck has turned," he whispered to Selwin—"and I shall follow out the vein."

"Beware!" said the painter.

"Croaker!" retorted his friend.

To a game supper the party did ample justice, and as provocatives were not spared on the table, wine was ordered liberally, and Redwood drank more than any of his guests. When they rose from the table, he called out:

"Now, Pleasants! I'll give you your revenge."

"Some other time," said the captain, consulting his watch. "I really think we must be travelling."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said Redwood, who was in tip-top spirits. "You have millions of time at your disposal—we're just in the edge of the evening. Follow me."

"If you insist," said the captain, hesitatingly.

"Of course I do. Come on."

So the party went up stairs, and resumed their game. For a time Redwood's run of luck continued; and then the tide began to turn. He lost his winnings—he staked and lost all the money he had about him. Selwin was forced to help him—but he was ill-provided, and the loan soon went the way of the rest. And now, Redwood, thoroughly possessed by the mania of gambling, grew desperate. His partner, the mild and modest Levy, was also equally excited. He staked money—Redwood his credit, for his name was as readily accepted as cash by his antagonists. The result was that he rose from the table the loser of a thousand dollars, for which he gave his note, payable on demand, to Captain Pleasants, Levy having settled with Ingot.

"Better luck next time, Mr. Redwood," said the captain, as he buttoned up the nose. "I assure you this amount is not unwelcome. I will call on you to-morrow, sir, without fail."

"I shall be ready for you, sir," said Redwood, boldly, though his heart sank within him.

The guests took their departure. Redwood and Selwin were left alone. Neither spoke for some time, during which Redwood kept pouring down glass after glass of fiery wine, which imparted no exhilaration but only intensified his anguish. At last he dashed the goblet on the table, shivering the glass to atoms.

"Selwin!" he called out, "I am a ruined man. Fool! fool that I was!"

"Hush!" said Selwin, "don't speak so loud. The whole house will hear you—you'll ruin your credit."

"Credit!" repeated Redwood, bitterly. "To-morrow my credit will be all gone—my name will be dishonored—my prospects ruined. I have extorted the last dollar from my father—and where on earth am I to raise the means of meeting this creditor? a debt of honor, too!"

"I warned you, Harry," said Selwin.

"So you did. But is this a time to upbraid me with it? Is this your friendship? Show it in some less suspicious form. Lend me a thousand dollars."

"It is utterly out of my power, Redwood."

"I thought you were doing well," said Redwood, sarcastically.

"So I am—I have paid off all my debts—and my profession is now yielding me a large income. But the money comes in as the work is done. A thousand dollars! I could as readily raise fifty thousand."

"Then it is all over with me!" said Redwood.

"We'll finish the night, however, and then I'll go home and blow my brains out. That will make a sensation in the city—won't it?"

Selwin made no reply.

"A thousand dollars!" said the gamester—frantically. "A thousand dollars! It's not the loss of the money I care for—but the loss of reputation. To die dishonored! Name some way by which I can procure it. If I had time, I could compass the amount—but this money must be paid immediately. Can't you suggest an outlet from this chasm of despair? I tell you, Mark Selwin, that for a thousand dollars I would sell my soul—my hopes of an hereafter. If I were sure of my man, I would go into the street and put a pistol to his head, and demand his money or his life. Crime does not appall me—do you hear? Don't sit there gaping and staring at me, but suggest a mode of escape, and however desperate, I'll follow it."

"I know of one way," said Selwin, drawing his chair close to Redwood's, "but I dare not whisper it."

"Curse you!" said Redwood. "Do I look like a man that would stick at trifles? Speak out—I command you."

"You'll forgive me beforehand?"

"Man! man! don't torture me with your delays. Speak out, or you'll kill me."

"Well, then," said Selwin, deliberately, in a low voice. "You have Mrs. Norman's jewels."

Redwood pushed his chair back, and stared at the speaker with astonishment.

"I have Mrs. Norman's jewels? Well, what do you mean by that? I have them—true—a sacred deposit confided to my care, for a purpose that I pledged myself to accomplish. What are those diamonds to me?"

"A thought occurred to me—a desperate project, it is true?"

"To sell them!" exclaimed Redwood.

"Not so bad as that," answered Selwin hastily. "But I know an accommodating and reliable person who would advance you the money you require on the pledge of those diamonds. You said if you had time you could raise the money. You will have a fortnight to do it in. Mind—I do not counsel the step. But you said you would adopt any means, however desperate, to get out of the scrape. You even proposed a crime. This would be none. You could run no risk at all—at least, you would defer the evil day. But weigh the matter well, and decide according to your own sound judgment. This, however, is the only way that I can think of."

Now Redwood, maddened by his losses, and stimulated by the wine he had drunk, was incapable of thinking and reasoning. He was unconscious, however, that his faculties were distorted, and when he gave his hand to Selwin, called him his best friend, and announced that he received his advice, he flattered himself that he had arrived at a legitimate solution of his difficulties.

"And now that is settled," said he, taking out his watch—"the sooner we carry the plan through the better." He rang the bell, ordered his horse harnessed, and directed the supper to be charged to his account.

"Can you find the person you alluded to, to-night?" he asked of Selwin, as they stepped into the buggy.

"I hope so," replied the painter.

They drove rapidly into the city, where Redwood, leaving his horse at the stable, took the arm of his *friend*, and together they walked through the Park into Chatham Street. The streets were nearly deserted, only here and there lights gleamed from some eating house, or barroom, or through the chinks of the shutters of a grocery.

Selwin led the way to a low-browed shop in a range of very old two-story buildings. The neighboring gas light showed three dingy balls impaled on a rusty iron branch over the doorway. They were sufficiently explanatory of the business of the occupant—a pawnbroker.

"Shut up for the night!" said Redwood, with an oath. "This is my usual luck."

"Don't be impatient," said Selwin. He knocked three times on the shutter.

"Who ish dare?" inquired a voice within.

"It is I," said Selwin.

"And who ish I?" inquired the same voice.

"Mark Selwin; don't you know my knock?"

"Dere ish so many bad peoples about vere monish is," answered the voice, "I can't be too careful."

"Don't keep us waiting here all night, Moses," said Selwin; "but open the door and let us in."

There was a shoving back of bolts, the rattle of a chain, the grating of a key in a door-lock, and then the door opened a little way, and the rays of the street lamp disclosed a dim figure peering cautiously forth from the aperture.

"Ah! but there ish a man with you," said the pawnbroker; and the door was instantly closed again.

Selwin gave it a vigorous push with his foot, and seizing his companion's wrist, dragged him into the shop, closing the door behind him.

"Now then—Moses—a light!" he called out.

After a minute or two, a dim lamp was lighted, and Redwood saw that the shop-keeper was an old man with a greasy cap on his head, a tattered and greasy dressing gown wrapped about his person, with a pair of green spectacles on his nose and a long beard, then an unusual appendage, hanging down on his breast. The shop contained a heterogeneous mixture of musical instruments, clothing, cases of watches, books, bedding, canes, pictures, etc. The old Jew, for such his physiognomy and dialect proclaimed him to be, carefully locked, bolted and barred the door, before he said:

"Now then, gentlemens—what ish wanted at this hour of the night?"

"Business is business, Moses," said Selwin.

"My friend here, Mr. Redwood, is in want of money."

"Monish!" said the Jew—"how much?"

"Somewhere about a thousand or two," said Redwood, carelessly.

"Holy Father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew. "And you tinks, gentlemens, that I keeps so much monish in the shop—and so many bad peoples about! Come to-morrow."

"That can't be," said Selwin, impatiently. "The business must be transacted to-night, and that without more ado. If you haven't got the money—why there's an end of it. Say so at once, and we'll go to some other shop."

"Stay, gentlemens," said the Jew, anxiously. "I may not have deposited all my monish today. I'm very—very careless in monish matters. Come into the back shop, gentlemens, and sit down."

He led the way into a narrow stifling den, furnished with a desk and some rush-bottomed chairs, where they seated themselves.

"You say your friend's name is—"

"Henry Redwood," said that gentleman, himself.

"Very good, it ish a good name—first family," muttered the Jew. "But then it ish not a good name—on paper I mean."

"What's that to you, fellow?" asked Redwood, haughtily.

"Your friend is so hasty!" said the Jew, pushing back his chair.

"You are not to bandy words with me, sir," said Redwood. "I came here to propose a simple transaction to you. I have some jewels here that I want to raise money on. If you take them, you are not to show them, or to breathe or hint a word of this transaction."

"Honor—honor!" said the pawnbroker, laying his hand on his breast. "Misther Selwin knows me—don't you, Misther Selwin?"

"I'll vouch for his honesty," said Selwin.

"Well, then, here are the jewels!" said Redwood, producing the casket.

The pawnbroker opened the case and took out the necklace. For a moment his eyes sparkled—but he drooped his head, so as to conceal the expression of his countenance.

"There is very good imitations about," said the Jew. "I'm no judge—I'm afraid, Misther Selwin."

"Zounds! fellow!" cried Redwood. "Do you dispute their value?"

"Your friend is so hasty," said the Jew, moving back.

"The jewels are genuine, without a doubt," said Selwin.

"I shall look to you, Misther Selwin—if anything's wrong," said the Jew.

"I'll guarantee them."

"Well," said Redwood, impatiently. "What will you advance me on them? I only want the money for ten days."

The Jew examined the necklace again. "We'll say fife hundred dollars," said he, hesitatingly.

"Give me back the jewels!" said Redwood, angrily. "Selwin! why did you bring me to this robber's den?"

"He calls it a robber's den!" said the Jew, holding up his hands. "O, Misther Selwin! Your friend is so hasty!"

Redwood snatched the necklace from the Jew's hand, restored it to the case, and rose to his feet.

"Your friend is so hasty!" said the pawnbroker, to Selwin. "Good Misther Redwood, sit down. Sit down, I beg you, and tell the old man how much monish you want. Old Moses Santon has a heart to feel for young peoples—always wanting monish—eh? Misther Selwin?"

Redwood sat down again. "I tell you what, old man," said he, "I have no time to waste in words. Give me eleven hundred dollars and take the diamonds."

The pawnbroker, seeing that it was no use to chaffer longer, rose, and unlocking a safe, took out a roll of bills from which he counted out the amount named to his customer. He then restored the balance, together with the jewels, to the safe, and sitting down to his desk, opened a book and wrote out in a firm hand, a receipt and obligation for Redwood to sign, which being done, he handed him a ticket for the diamonds, and the business was ended.

When Redwood stood in the street, after the Jew had locked, bolted and barred the door of the shop behind them, he grasped the hand of Selwin, as they parted for the night, and said, in a hollow voice:

"I parted with half my life when I gave up those jewels—but I thank you for the advice you gave me. To-morrow this old man's money will pay for my folly. But my honor will still remain in pledge—and if it is not redeemed in time, my life will go after it. Good-night."

"Good-night!" said Selwin, as he turned away. "He is wretched and desperate," he murmured to himself, as he sought his lodgings. "But what am I? A traitor and a criminal! I have violated the confidence of a gentleman. I thought I had survived all the better feelings of my nature; but they will rebel in spite of me. 'The poison in the cup of pleasure is the thought of what it costs.' And in every cup I drain I taste the flavor of the pestilential infusion. No matter—nothing is left for me but a wild, brilliant, brief career—and a speedy death—the speedier the better."

He thought he heard a low mocking laugh near him, but his fancy often played such tricks. He thought he saw a shadow projected on the sidewalk from behind him, but when he turned, no one was in sight. He quickened his pace as if he could thus escape from himself—and was soon at his lodgings.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE. "NUMBER SEVEN."

On the same evening, at a little earlier hour, our friend Sandwich and Mat Milford, of neither of whom we must lose sight, were sitting at an eating-house on Broadway, whither they had gone, after a visit to the theatre.

"Got a rayther curis kind er note the other day," said Yankee.

"Did you?"

"Yes. 'Nonymus. Want to see it?"

"If you have no objection," said Milford.

"None in the world—not the leastest," said Sandwich. And he pulled a little scrap of paper from his pocket, and handed it across the table to his friend.

It was written in a feminine hand, and many words were underscored to give them emphasis. It ran as follows:

"You know something of Gerald Griffin—I have seen you in his company. I need not caution you to be careful in your dealings with him, for you are too sharp to become his victim, as many alas! have been. But I would conjure you in the interests of humanity to watch this man. He is a deep plotter, and is always working woe. Thus far, he has eluded the grasp of the law, but I have reason to believe that many of his acts are criminal. The writer of this has suffered by his practices. If she were able she would fee an agent to follow up this man, and get evidence against him. Can't you volunteer to watch him? It may lead to a result you little dream of. Destroy this note as soon as read."

"Rather mysterious," said Milford, handing back the note.

"It rayther stimulated my curiosity, I must confess," said the Yankee, holding the paper in the lamp till it was consumed, and then throwing the charred residuum on the floor. "It sot me to thinkin'—and thinkin' sot me to actin'. I've got through my business in New York for the present—only waitin' for a ship now that I have some goods aboard of—and so, jest by way er innercent amusement, I've been trailin' that chap—that Griffin."

"Indeed!"

"Fact."

"Well—have you discovered anything?"

"Don't ask me no questions, and I wont tell you no lies. Things is workin'."

"Why, Zeke, you're as mysterious as your correspondent."

"Be I. Wall—never mind. One of these days p'rhaps, somethin' 'll come out—and then agin p'rhaps it wont. But say—what'll you have on top er that 'ere steak?"

"Nothing."

"'Nother cup 'er coffee?"

"Nothing more, I thank you."

"Wall, are you sleepy?"

"Not at all. Why do you ask?"

"Cause I thought of pirotin round the teown a leetle. But if you're tired and sleepy, you'd better go home and go to bed."

"No—I'm at your service for an hour or two, yet."

"All right then."

Mr. Sandwich paid the bill, and then, taking his friend's arm they left the restaurant. A few minutes' walking brought them into a quarter of the city Mat had never visited. It was a collection of dingy houses huddled upon streets narrow and ill lighted. Lights gleamed up from cellar-doorways, and through the crevices of shutters, and from attic windows. Men and women were lounging about on the sidewalks—music was heard from one or two basements, and now and then an angry voice made itself heard in some indoor altercation.

"Where on earth have you brought me?" asked Matthew.

"To the Five Pints," said Sandwish.

"Let us go back—it is a dangerous locality."

"You needn't be afeard while you're 'longside er me," said Sandwich. "I've got a couple of barkers in my pocket—and there's some officers within hail."

"But why do you come here?"

"Curiosity—partly—and partly charity. Folks think I'm a mighty close-fisted codger, and I reckon I am pooty sharp at a bargain—but when the money's made, I know how to use it. I don't make much parade about it—but I'm a sort of self-appinted missionary. I go in strong for home missions. The heathen are at our doors—as you'll see to night. Hullo!"

This exclamation was elicited by the approach of an old man who halted directly before them, and, moving his lips without speaking, held out an old greasy, napless hat with a significant gesture. The street lamp, near which he stood revealed a countenance regular in its features, but degraded in expression by passion, by dissipation and by misery.

"Are you dumb?" asked Sandwich.

After a great effort, the old man, in a husky voice, said:

"A trifle, if you please, gentlemen, for a poor old man."

"I pity poor old men from the bottom of my heart," said Sandwich, coldly, "except when they beg money for liquor."

"I haven't tasted a drop for hours," said the man, shivering; "and I'm faint."

"And spostn' I give you a York shillin'," said Sandwich. "Will you go strait off and buy a plate of pork and beans?"

"No!" said the man.

"No! what will you buy with it?" asked Sandwich.

"Rum!" said the man, blinking on him with his bleared eyes. "I can't eat—I can keep nothing down. I'm perishing—its only stimulus that keeps me alive. I shall go raving mad, if you don't take pity on me."

"That's a hard case," whispered Sandwich. "Disgustin' but slightly affectin,' also. Poor human nature'. Left to our own evil desires and proclivities, how we do sink! Old man," he added, raising his voice, "where do you live?"

"Only a step or two from here," he replied.

"Wall, you lead on and we'll follow you—and p'haps I'll see if I can't do somethin' or nuther for you."

The old man led the way with faltering and uncertain step, until he arrived at the head of a flight of stone steps that led down into the cellar of a dingy old brick house sadly out of repair. Down these steps he tottered, with Sandwich and his friend hard upon his heels, and they found themselves in an ill-ventilated cellar, lighted by a few tallow candles, stuck in tin candlesticks. At one end of the place was a bar, behind which, and in front of a row of casks and a tier of shelves crowded with bottles, stood a coarse, red-faced old woman, in a mob-cap, and a negro in his shirt-sleeves. There were a number of little tables and short benches about, on which were seated men and women, black and white, some playing dominoes, some drinking and smoking, some eating. In one corner was a cooking-stove, and on one side of the room a number of bunks with dingy and ragged calico curtains drawn across them. A ricketty wooden staircase led up to the upper story, and from this quarter were heard the notes of a cracked violin, with the pounding and scuffling of feet, showing that a dance was going on.

The entrance of the visitors did not attract much attention; only the landlady glanced sharply at them, as they came down the steps and took a seat at one of the tables.

Sandwich directed Milford's attention to a ragged man who was standing at the bar.

"One glass more," he pleaded, clasping his hands humbly before the virago who stood at the receipt of custom.

"Not a drop without the money."

"You know I'll pay you as soon as Sarah comes back," said the man.

"I do nothing but a cash business," said the woman. "And you know how often the girl has come back empty-handed. Now be off with you, and make room for customers that can pay."

The man turned away and tottered to a seat near our friends. He was a large-framed person, but wasted by dissipation, and tremulous with incipient delirium. He sank into a seat, and covering his face with his hands, sobbed like a child.

"What a picture that is!" whispered Sandwich. "Human natur' agin!"

"Come, gentlemen," said the old man, who piloted them into this den. "You'll call for something for the credit of the house, wont you?" He said this in an eager, excited manner.

"Why, yes," said the Yankee. "This is so very elegant and expensive an establishment, that everybody that comes in here is jest naturally bound to patronize it. Call for what you like."

Hereupon the old man commenced beating the table with his fist, and telegraphing to the old woman at the bar.

"Confound you, number seven! what's all that row about?" shouted the old woman. "Have you got the trembles?"

"Be lively," said the old man. "Don't you see I've fetched two gentlemen here? Fetch us some gin and water directly."

The negro who assisted at the bar executed the order, refusing, however, to set down his little japanned trap, until he had been paid for its contents, which Sandwich did.

"Now, gentlemen, your good healths," said the old man bowing, as he drank off his glass. Sandwich and his friend pushed theirs away from them in disgust. The old man eyed the tumblers with a covetous eye.

"I suppose you'd like to hev our share, wouldn't ye?" asked Sandwich.

"Rather than it should be wasted—certainly."

"Wall, it will be wasted," said the Yankee, drily, as he emptied the contents of his glass on the sanded floor. He was proceeding to do the same by his companion's, when the wretched man who had been refused credit at the bar, cried:

"O, sir! don't throw that away. It's poison, I know—but we live on poison here. Give it to me."

"You have had too much already," said the Yankee, and away went the second glass.

"Now, then," said the Yankee to the old man, "what do you feel as if you could eat?"

"I'm not hungry," said the old man, eyeing the empty glasses ruefully.

"But I tell you, you're bound to eat something," said Sandwich. "What do you say to a pork chop and potatoes—them's 'em frizzling on the stove? You've got to eat, old fellow, or else I'll know the reason why."

And without further compliments he ordered the dish he had suggested. The old man, who appeared obedient to the strong will of his entertainer, made out to eat a tolerable supper, being stimulated thereto by the exhortations and commands of the Yankee.

"Now that'll put some stamina into you," said Sandwich. "Whereas, if I let you do as you wanted, you'd be pouring the poison down all night."

"I'm sure I'm grateful, sir, for your kindness," said the old man, meekly. "But you must leave a little money with me."

"I shan't leave you a red cent," said Sandwich. "But I'll speak to old Mother Mobcap there, and pay for a good breakfast in advance. I'm determined to make a man of you."

"I may have it in my power before long to repay you, sir," said the old man. "You're the first real friend I have met for many a day."

"Where do you sleep, old fellow?" asked Sandwich.

"Here—on one of the benches."

"A hard birth. You hold on while I speak to the old woman."

Sandwich walked up to the bar.

"You see that old fellow there—don't you?"

"Yes," said the landlady, nodding her head.

"What's his name?"

"No 7."

"Is that all?"

"Yes—we tickets the lodgers when they comes in here, and never axes for no names. It's easier to remember figgers than names!"

"Is it?"

"I finds it so."

"Wall—my good woman—"

"Good woman! none of your impedence, young man. I wont stand chaffing."

"I have no idea of chaffing you, and so don't get so riley. It disfigures your beauty so's you wouldn't know yourself if you looked in the glass. Don't it, nigger?"

The black who stood beside his mistress "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

"Wall," continued the Yankee, "Number seven, as you call him, is hard up, isn't he?"

"You see that for yourself. He's taken to beggin', but he don't know the trade. He'll never get rich at it—what money he gets he spends at the bar. Liquor is his meat and drink."

"He wont last long at that rate. Wall, now I take an interest in Number Seven—poor old fellow—and I can't think of his sleeping on a bench down here."

"Why not, I should like to know?"

"It strikes me as being rayther unhealthy. Kinder muggy and crowded."

"You don't know nothing about it," said the landlady. "It's called one of the healthiest sullars at the Pints. We haven't had but one death here for the last twenty four hours—and that was only a sickly child. We must see about having it buried, Jack," she added, turning to the negro. "We want her bunk."

"Yes'um."

"Wall, I have a fancy," said Sandwich, "that Number Seven would be better off by himself up stairs. I'll pay the expense, you know."

"A room to himself!" said the landlady. "Do you know what it's going to cost?"

"I can't imagine."

"Why two shillin's a night; I can't do it for a penny less."

"Wall, here's a dollar now. And if Old Number Seven calls for anything, except liquor, you let him have it. I shall be round again in the morning. And now, Ebony, light a candle and come round to where Number Seven's sitting."

Rejoining his friend, Sandwich tapped the old man on the shoulder, and said:

"Come, Number Seven—it's time to go to bed."

"I sleep where I am," said the old man.

"No you don't," said Sandwich. "Get up and come along. Here's Ebony with the candle. Come, Mat. Heave ahead, wooly head. O, you needn't look so black—'spose you can't help it, though."

The black fellow, who disliked this familiarity but did not exactly care to resent it, led the way, followed closely by the others up the rickety steps we have alluded to, through the dancing hall where about a dozen couples of both sexes and all colors were exhibiting their ghastly agility, into a hall, and up a rambling staircase, passing at a door which he unlocked with a rusty key.

"This is de place, mas'r," said the negro, gallenly, placing the candle in Sandwich's hand.

"All right, you can absquatulate," said Yankee.

"Tink you can find your way back to de sullar, sir?"

"In the dark, Ebony, in the dark, I'm never at fault. Good-by."

The black departed, and they found themselves in a small room containing only a heap of straw with a horse-blanket, a chair and a jug of water.

"Ah, this is comfortable!" said the old man, rubbing his hands. "My brain is clearer to-night than it has been for many a long day."

"That's hearty," said the Yankee. "No fear of the red monkeys chasing you, to-night. Wall, jest you try to get a good night's sleep—and see, you eat a good breakfast in the morning. I'll see you then."

"You have done me a service I will repay, if I live," said the old man, earnestly. "You found me in despair. You were not disgusted at my degraded and fallen state. Only let me live till to-morrow—only let me get a decent suit of clothes on my back. A friend on whom I relied led me into these shocking ways, into this filthy den, and then deserted me. But he may return."

"O, yes, he'll turn up yet," said Sandwich.

"Are you a New Yorker, sir?" he asked.

"No, I'm only stopping here. My friend makes the city his home."

"Do either of you gentlemen know whether a Mrs. Percy Norman is now living here?"

"Of course she is!" said the Yankee, surprised at hearing her name mentioned in such a place and by such a person. "Why she's the handsomest widder in the city. Do you know her?"

"I have heard of her," said the old man, casting down his eyes. "I have heard she was a very charitable lady."

"Wall, I don't know but that she is," said Sandwich.

"I must see her then," said the old man.

"Rayther a long step from a house in the Five Pints to hern!" said the Yankee. "But it's allers right to be lookin' up in the world. Wall, good-night—Number Seven."

"Good-night, gentlemen."

Passing down stairs, through the entry, into the dancing hall, they had just reached the head of the steps leading into the cellar, when they heard a cry from below—the old woman's voice.

"The beaks! the beaks! dowse the glims!"

Instantly all was darkness, and there was an upward rush from the cellar, which the officers of the law had entered, in pursuit of some notorious offender.

The motley crew dispersed in different directions, but the negro and his mistress darted through a door in the partition wall, into the next house. Before they could close it, Sandwich and his friend had passed the threshold.

"No admittance here!" said the negro, savagely barring their further passage. "Dis am private premusses. Go back!"

"Not as you knows on, darkey," said Sandwich, drawing a pistol from his pocket, and holding it to the scoundrel's head. "Show us the way out, or your thick skull shall be an ounce the heavier."

Cowed by the determination of the Yankee, the black obeyed, and the two friends were once more in the street, and soon again in Broadway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OUR NAVY.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

"We sing our navy! seize the auspicious hour,
When bulwarks maritime augment our power;
We sing our navy! shades of commodores glorious—
The flag you saved yet waves o'er us victorious!"

Through Charlestown Bay with gilding track
Of curling wave and frothy foam,
Swept forth the glorious Merrimac—
Our frigate-steamer, ocean-home.

Heaven's vernal breeze fanned our brow,
Royal Apollo hovered o'er us—
Minnehaha at the prow,
In syren laughter danced before us.

And naughtly ploughing through the billow,
We neared old Norfolk's scourged shore
When dreams forsook our restless pillow—
Our watch was struck—we slept no more.

The stars in dreamy ray were peering
Athwart the deck with misty light;
When rustling garments, slowly nearing,
Told woman's presence graced the night.

A noble dame, of mien majestic,
With trailing drapery swept our deck:
"Sailor! behold—I am Minerva!
I claim your glorious Merrimac!

"The navy roused! I call my heroes!
And victory twines wreaths for their brow;
And flings them wide upon the billows,
And sons she wrestles around thy prow.

"Ho to my hall! where art and science,
And naval tactics deep are taught;
And nay, young graduates, my reliance
Is on your honor, truth and thought.

"'Tis I! Minerva! call my heroes!
Be steadfast, thoughtful, true and brave;
I will— that o'er you boundless billows,
Your 'stars and stripes' shall ever wave!"

Then, disappeared with god-like motion,
Over misty, billowy, dancing wave,
Minerva toward the beaconing ocean,
And deep our flitting anchor laved.

Comrades, wave high our banner proud,
With blood of patriots crimsoned gory;
The stars that gem the azure clouds,
Are souls of heroes set in glory!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LIFE'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"WHO is it, Matthew."

"Master Charles, ma'am. He wishes to see you immediately, if you will be so kind as to grant him an interview."

"Do I understand you to say that my nephew, Captain Meredith, is here?"

"Yes, ma'am, and he seems to be in great trouble about something."

The old servant spoke as if much affected, and looked at his mistress with a beseeching expression.

"Matthew, you know the resolution I have made in regard to Charles Meredith. Do you suppose he is in actual trouble, or only come to annoy me with one of those disgraceful affairs in which he has so frequently been entangled?"

"I believe Master Charles is in real distress, ma'am, and it would be better to break a hasty resolution than to let him suffer."

"Very well, Matthew, I will take your advice."

And the old lady rose from her solitary tea-table, and drawing her scarf closer round her shoulders, left the room, preceded by her stately attendant, who opened the doors, and after crossing several long passages ushered her into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, and bowing low, disappeared.

A gentleman was standing in the centre of the room, the image of anxious impatience; one moment he waiting for the closing of the door, the next he was kneeling at the feet of his relative.

"Aunt, dear Aunt Homewood, I scarcely dared to hope for this condescension from you. I have not deserved to expect favors from you, and yet have now come to ask another."

There was evidently a great struggle going on in the mind of the old lady, as she stood for a few moments earnestly gazing on the beautiful countenance of the speaker, which, flushed and anxious-looking, was raised to her own. Something in that eager look appeared to sweep away her angry feelings, for bending down, she lifted the tangled curls from his brow and kissed him with motherly affection.

"The past is forgiven, and henceforth forgotten, Charles; and now tell me what I can do to assist you at present, for it needs no words to tell me you are in trouble."

"I am indeed in trouble, and nothing but the extent of my distress and anxiety would have tempted me to annoy you again with my difficulties."

"Tell me at once what they are, and if possible I will assist you."

The lady was evidently alarmed at the tone of desperation used by the speaker.

"Aunt, I am married, I have been married for the last four months."

The lady gave a start of surprise, but controlling her feelings, said calmly:

"Is that the cause of your sorrow, my dear Charles? It ought not to be."

"I must tell you the whole story, aunt, or you will not be able to understand it. I married my wife against the wishes of her relations. True, she had no parents, but her father's will made her dependent on the caprice of her uncle, without whose consent she was not to marry, or if she disobeyed him, to forfeit the immense fortune he had bequeathed her. A marriage had been planned for her, or rather, she was in danger of being sold to a man twice her own age, but whose immense fortune made him indifferent about her money—a great consideration in the opinion of her uncle.

"'Get your niece to consent to have me, and her fortune is yours,' said the wealthy Mr. Richmond.

"'Emily can be married to-morrow to a man who is utterly indifferent about the property,' said the uncle, when I asked his consent to my suit. 'Can you take her on those terms?'

"'On any terms,' I replied, eagerly.

"'Well, you cannot have her at all. I am not going to see my niece marry a beggar, because she has fallen in love with a scarlet coat. She will marry the man I have chosen for her.'

"That night Emily and I were married, and far from the home of her enraged friends, I have maintained her comfortably, nay, given her all the luxuries she has ever been accustomed to, and of our happiness I cannot speak. She has shown me the folly of my past life, has been a guardian angel to me; and now, when her society and love are necessary to my very existence, I am called on to part from her. Our regiment is ordered to India; take her I cannot, leave her here alone and unprotected I dare not, what I am to do I know not."

"Hush, do not despair. I will think this difficulty over, and in the morning we will feel better able to decide what is to be done."

"The morning! Dear aunt, I must be far hence to-night. But three short days and I must be on the ocean."

"Then bring your wife to me. I will be a mother to her, and she shall never want a home while I live. There, no thanks. None know how well I loved your mother, how dear you yourself are to me. And now lose no time in making your arrangements, spend the last day with her here, and may God ever keep you, my dear, dear boy."

One instant Charles Meredith was clasped to the heart of his kind friend, the next he had rushed from the apartment and the sound of his horse's steps came borne on the evening breeze. For many minutes the Lady of Homewood sat buried in deep thought; the changing expression on her countenance alone telling of inward struggles. But at last with a heavy sigh and stern resolve she drove the traces of feeling from that pale face, and summoned her faithful Matthew.

"Let the south rooms be immediately prepared for visitors," was the order given to the old man, who looked astonished at seeing her alone.

"And Matthew, see that everything is done to ensure the comfort of our guest, my nephew's wife."

"Master Charles married!"

The old man started with astonishment.

"Yes, married, and about to leave England; but you shall know all to-morrow, my faithful old friend; at present I am unable to converse. Send my maid, and give orders for the instant commencement of preparations."

Forty years before the period at which our history commences, the young heir of Homewood had brought his fair bride with fond happiness to the home of his fathers. And well might Walter Homewood be proud of his conquest, for peerlessly beautiful and richly dowered came the Lady Elizabeth to her idolizing husband. Disappointed suitors envied the fortunate candidate who had succeeded in thawing the icy heart of the proud but lovely lady, and there were not wanting those who felt aggrieved to think that the young heir should have gone to a far distant country in search of a bride.

But outwardly all were smiling congratulations, and the marriage likely to prove a happy one. Alas for that outward, deceptive seeming. A very short period served to convince Walter Homewood that he had acted rashly; and Lady Elizabeth, with all her strong, proud resolution, yet shuddered at the responsibility she had assumed. To explain this we need only say, that led away by his fond passion, the young lover had wedded one, who had already bestowed her heart on another. Touched by his earnestness, and feeling that he was not influenced by any other than the purest of motives, Lady Elizabeth had unfolded the painful past, acknowledged her weakness in still loving one who could never be hers, and ended by entreating Walter to withdraw his suit, and leave her to mourn over her disappointed hopes.

But the knowledge of her blighted affections made no change in his love. He argued that she was still so young, that once his wife, he would dare all the world to keep him from winning her heart; he pleaded long and earnestly and at last succeeded.

"I will be your wife; in all that pertains to a wife's duties I will be true and faithful, but I have no love to give, and I am not capable of feigning."

With joy unspeakable he kissed the white hand that rested in his own; he dared not embrace her. There was no trembling confusion, to embolden him to clasp her to his heart, to whisper words of loving fondness, or tender encouragement; but she was his, his own promised bride, and he felt confident that some day she must love him.

Alas, days and months passed on and no change was visible; always polite and attentive, always respectful and anxious to please him, not a fault could be found with the conduct of the young mistress of Homewood, and yet the warm-hearted Walter was miserable and unhappy, and his wife scarcely less so.

He felt keenly the little success his efforts had met with; duty, that cold word, alone dictated the conduct of his idolized wife. He would have given worlds to have seen one emotion of jealousy, of anger even, flush that sweet pale face, to have seen one look of love sparkle in those beautiful eyes, but the calm smile, the friendly hand clasp that was ever his welcome, maddened him, and at times he deeply repented having sacrificed both to his impatient love.

Two years after their marriage, however, a change took place for the better. Walter Homewood as he gazed on his beautiful young wife and her precious infant felt all his fond devotion renewed, and she, in this new found treasure, forgot the love that had hitherto been the one passion of her life.

Three years passed, bringing sorrow to him who once possessed Lady Elizabeth's heart. She shuddered as she heard of the successive deaths of his children, and the despair of himself and wife, and that wife was her own sister. Captain Meredith was now an object of pity. Living unhappily with her for whom he had sacrificed his first love, bereft of his beautiful children, and in delicate health, the spirits of the once gay hearted young officer were crushed.

When young Homewood was entering his eighteenth year, it would have been difficult to have found one on whom the shadows of fewer sorrows had fallen. Possessed of all that could make his life delightful; the darling of his parents and a large circle of friends; with a happy disposition, and a mind to appreciate his blessings; who but would have foretold a bright future for this favored child of fortune? And yet it needed but a trifling commencement, a few hours' exposure to an autumn storm, followed by fever, prostration, rapid decline, and the doting parents are childless.

The shock would probably have been fatal to Lady Elizabeth but for the new trouble that soon menaced her. The husband to whom she felt she had never been a loving wife, sank beneath the dreadful blow; and in her anxiety to atone for the past neglect, the sorrowing mother banished her own selfish feelings and devoted herself unremittingly to the care of her husband. And Walter Homewood, with the knowledge that his wife at last returned his love, would fain have clung to life, but it might not be, and once more Lady Elizabeth was alone in the world.

Three months after the death of her husband, she stood at the bedside of her dying sister and received from her hands the sacred charge of her fatherless infant, the last of a large family. The child was taken to Homewood on the death of the mother, and as her own did the widow bring up the little Charles Meredith.

Beautiful, self-willed and high-spirited, as he grew up he became the darling of his aunt and the pet of the household; but, unlike the lost Walter, his own selfish ends were always to be attained at whatever cost; and with all her love, his fond relative found enough in the conduct of the headstrong boy to try her utmost patience. Against her wishes he entered the army at a very early age; to her great displeasure he had refused to form an alliance every way suitable; and we have already seen that his marriage was secret, and far from showing that respect to his adopted mother, that was her due.

But with the knowledge that she was about to part with him, perhaps forever, was banished all remembrance of his ill deeds, and nothing remained but the recollection of how she had loved him in his childhood, and how dear his parents had both been to her. To show every kindness to his young wife, was now the engrossing thought, and when Charles, with almost womanly sorrow placed the poor heart broken girl in her arms, she vowed to be a mother to her, and faithfully performed her pledge.

It was heart-breaking to witness the sorrow of poor Emily Meredith after the dreadful parting with her husband. Not a murmuring word escaped her lips, not even a tone betrayed impatience; but the deep sorrow in her blue eyes, the gradual fading of the rose on her cheek, and the wasting of her once rounded arms, betrayed the ravages of grief. She no longer looked the young, childish creature of a few months previous; care had made her old, given thought to her countenance, and womanly dignity to her step.

"My child, is there aught I can do to render you less unhappy?" asked the old lady, one evening when Emily appeared more than usually oppressed with sorrow.

"Nothing, dear aunt; I am surrounded by everything my heart could wish for, and but for one thing would be the happiest girl on earth."

"But, my child, you must conquer this injurious grief. Charles will come home one of these days, we will persuade him to give up his commission, and you shall both live here with me as long as I live, and at my death, Homewood is to belong to Charles."

"Dear aunt, your kind intentions will never be carried out. I feel that I shall no more meet Charles in this world. I felt it when he first told me we must part, and each day but confirms the impression."

Vain were her kind relative's efforts to banish these gloomy forebodings from the mind of the young wife. It was a settled conviction that she should soon die, and arguments were useless to combat it. Her health grew gradually more and more frail, but never was invalid more patient and gentle. She smiled sweet thanks on old Matthew, who, idolizing the girl wife of his young master, was unfailing in his attentions. While she was able to walk out, he attended her, and when this pleasure was denied her, he adorned the rooms with the sweet flowers she so loved.

For hours Emily would sit and listen to her aunt's stories of by-gone happy days of the kind husband and fondly loved son. With deep interest she gazed on the handsome likeness of the one, and the sweet, boyish resemblance of the other, or with trembling fingers touched the cherished relics of those long lost ones' books and letters, toys and playthings, and dearer than all, those two carefully preserved curls, the one black and glossy, the other soft, fair and silken. The days passed calmly at Homewood, with little to ruffle the even tenor of their lives, and all interest in worldly matters appeared to have forsaken the young wife.

Not even when the good old lady brought forth from their hiding-places (where they had reposed so many long years) rich and beautiful muslins, costly embroideries, the most exquisite productions of the loom and fingers, and with tearful eyes besought her to accept them, not even then was an emotion visible on the fair but faded countenance of the broken hearted girl.

But why prolong a painful story? Six months after her arrival at Homewood, Emily Meredith breathed her last, and the piteous wailings of an infant resounded through walls long unused to such sounds.

"To you I bequeath her," the young mother said, a few moments before her death. "Keep her, dear aunt, until her father comes to claim her; in you she will find a better mother than I could have been to her."

And the old lady, with distressing emotion, clasped to her heart the infant grandchild of him who had been her first love, and promised to devote the remainder of her life to the helpless little being. They laid the mother in the grave, and with bitter sorrow wrote the sad history to the absent husband and father.

"Meredith, for Heaven's sake, strive to conquer this grief, or it will kill you. It is now nearly a week since that fatal letter came and in that time you have never rested or taken food. A reasonable sorrow I could respect, but this is sinful despair. Think of your child, the precious legacy of your lost wife, for the sake of it, do not throw away your life."

So spoke Colonel Carter, a faithful friend and adviser, but his words were lost on the listener.

"My Emily, my wife!" was the despairing cry that night and day fell from the lips of the stricken man.

"Will you go home? Shall I use my influence to get you leave of absence, Meredith?"

The kind-hearted colonel was deeply touched at the utter and hopeless despair of the once brave and gallant young officer.

"Home! no, there is no home for me. Think you that I wish to drive myself to distraction by again visiting the scenes of my more than earthly bliss? No, never will I return to the land that is one vast grave to me, the tomb of all my hopes and joys."

"But your child!"

The colonel's voice trembled, he himself had buried an only and darling child.

"I shall never behold her; it would be misery more than I could endure."

And Charles Meredith kept his word, and years passed on, and time and sorrow strowed gray hairs thickly on his head, and still he was a wanderer in foreign lands, and his young daughter was growing up to womanhood almost in ignorance of his existence.

A great change had taken place in the once energetic and strong-minded lady of Homewood. The once erect and stately figure was bowed and bent, the clear judgment had become weakened and clouded, and in addition, blindness was threatening the frail and fast failing old lady.

The infant bequeathed to her care had now become the protector, the comforter, the blessing of her old age. Sight to the darkened eyes, and strength to the frail limbs, was the beautiful Elizabeth Meredith, and well did she repay the care bestowed on her infant years, by unremitting attention to the friend of her childhood.

Old Matthew, like his mistress, was fast hastening to the grave, and many an anxious thought it cost the faithful servant, to know what would become of his beloved young lady when left unprotected and alone, as was evident must be the case in a few years.

At the time we introduce her to the reader, Elizabeth Meredith was in her sixteenth year, an exceedingly lovely girl partaking of the beauty of both parents. But the chief charm was her sweet disposition, her untiring patience and devotion to her aged benefactress, and her total forgetfulness of self. Young as she was, the heiress of Homewood was already the object of attention to more than one interested suitor, and in this was the foundation of old Matthew's anxiety.

"It is not for yourself they would win you, Miss Elizabeth," would the old man say, when alarmed at the visits of the sons of their neighbors. "They don't know how to value you, my dear young lady; it is the hope of gaining your fortune that brings them here, and you must always bear that in mind when they come love-making."

"Don't be alarmed for me, Matthew; I shall never marry, but live here all my life at dear old Homewood, and spend my time doing good, and making others happy, as aunt has always done."

And the old man would murmur a blessing on her, and go away feeling satisfied that for the present, at least, his dear young mistress was heart free.

But circumstances over which he had no control, at last brought the danger he had dreaded to their very doors, and even old Matthew was powerless to change the current of events. A stranger, young and handsome, was thrown from his carriage at the very gates of Homewood, and as he was dangerously injured and the village offered no accommodation for one of his rank and station, common humanity demanded that he should be taken to the mansion.

It was several weeks before Sir Henry C—— (for that was the stranger's name) was allowed to leave his room; but when reason resumed her away, and the delirium of fever departed, there came a faint remembrance of an angel face bending over his couch, the recollection of a cool hand on his brow, and the flitting of a figure through his room, very different in appearance to the attendants that now surrounded him, the venerable Matthew, an aged nurse and a gravelooking but skilful physician. Day after day he silently pondered on this strange apparition, unwilling to ask an explanation, and at times almost convinced that the visitant was merely conjured up by his disordered imagination.

However, his doubts on this point were one day set at rest forever on beholding the same face and form in the garden below his window, and now he was convinced that it was an inhabitant of earth.

Elizabeth Meredith was attending her aunt in her morning walk, and all unconscious that her words were listened to, she strove to impart some of her own cheerfulness to her desponding relation, speaking hopefully of all the old lady's troubles, and tenderly supporting her feeble steps. That hour decided the fate of the young baronet.

Alone in the world, as far as near relations were concerned, Sir Henry C—— had hitherto given but little thought to the aristocratic beauties that adorned the circle he frequented in the metropolis, and women had been among the least of his pleasures or cares.

Now, however, the case was altered. He daily made his appearance in the parlor, supported by the friendly arm of old Matthew and his own servant (who had been summoned to attend him), and there, in the quiet and repose necessary to his still precarious condition, he learned to love as he had never dreamed of loving.

For hours he would listen while Elizabeth read to her aunt, or played and sang the songs loved best by the old lady, or in pleasant conversation beguile his aged hostess into remembrances of the past until her present troubles were forgotten. She soon became strongly attached to the agreeable young stranger, and evinced great dislike to his departure; and even Matthew, careful, suspicious Matthew, was so won over by the young man's patient submission to suffering, and thankful appreciation of kindness, that without a fear he allowed him to sit beside his young mistress, to receive numberless little attentions from her kind hands, and when at last the time came for his departure, it was through Matthew's contrivance that he obtained an interview alone with the beautiful girl.

But poor Matthew's plans suffered defeat, and he would not have rejoiced in his young lady's prospects, could he have heard the parting conversation between the lovers. We will not repeat it all; the conclusion will explain the state of affairs sufficiently.

"And so I am to go away without one hope, Miss Meredith? You will not even allow me to look forward to a future meeting."

The young man spoke sadly, and his companion was evidently touched by his sorrow.

"I will not say never; but while my aunt lives, my love and duty are hers. I am very young yet, and my father may return, my dear father, whom I have never seen. I will never promise to marry until I am obliged to give up the hope of his return."

"But, dear lady, your father could not find aught to object to in the offer I now made you, provided your own heart consents. I fear there is the real objection. Your aunt already is partial to me; could I not persuade you to let me share the sacred charge you have undertaken? Or is it as I sometimes fear, that another will divide that labor of love with you?"

"None, none other can ever share it with me."

"Then let mine be the holy task, dear one,' was the whispered reply, as trembling and ashamed the gentle girl was drawn close to her lover's heart.

There was silence for one instant, both feeling too deeply for words, and then Elizabeth Meredith disengaged herself from the clasping arm, and with a pale but decided countenance stood before her lover.

"You know my secret now, Henry, the secret that within the last few weeks has changed me from a thoughtless girl, into a sad-hearted woman, but think not that you can change my resolution. I have vowed to devote myself to her who protected my infant years. None can share the duty, you least of all," and the girl's voice trembled, but recovering herself she continued. "While Aunt Homewood lives, my love and care are hers, and at her death I shall leave my home and never return until I find my father, provided he does not return in the meantime."

Two years had passed since Elizabeth Meredith parted from her lover, two long years, and not one word had she heard of or from him in that time. Many and severe trials had she encountered in that time, and now she was called to see her beloved relative die, and none were near to cheer the heart of the lonely and saddened girl.

Friends and strangers were there, but their words were the common forms of consolation, and the girl wept bitterly at her lonely condition, without one relative to share her grief, one loving heart on which to repose her sorrow.

It was the day of the funeral, the day on which the aged mistress of Homewood was to take her place beside the silent tenants of the family vault.

In a darkened room, her face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly, and striving in vain to shut out the sound of the tolling bell, sat Elizabeth Meredith, feeling desolate and forsaken, not daring to think of the future, looking with hopeless regret on the past.

Many strange footsteps are passing through the old mansion, and with hushed movements the servants are removing the tokens of recent death. The young girl pays little heed to those who intrude on her grief, nor does she raise her head to see two strangers who cross the apartment and stand before her with looks of love and sorrow blended in their countenances.

"Elizabeth!"

Wildly she dashes the tears from her face, and springing to her feet stands for a moment motionless with astonishment, then with a cry of joy she sinks into the arms extended to receive her, and once more is clasped to her lover's heart.

"My Elizabeth, my precious child, look up. Have you no love to bestow on your father, or does this stranger claim it all?"

"My father!" How passionately the word is pronounced. "Now indeed are all my griefs ended. My father come at last, my Henry true. O, how wicked was I to despair of ever being happy again."

Captain Meredith had returned to his native land through the persuasions of the lover of his daughter, and bitterly did he now repent having for so many long years deprived himself of her affection and society. He spent the remainder of his life with her and her husband, and in witnessing their happiness, he forgot to moan over his own early griefs.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Some are more courageous than others, and some ain't," said Mrs. Partington, as the conversation turned upon heroic deeds. She was a widow of the corporal of the "last war," and her estimate of heroic deeds, as may be supposed, was based upon a thorough knowledge of what those deeds were. "Some will go to the Chimera to exercise feats of arms, and some will exercise their feats of legs by coming away. It needs more courage to face danger in the dark—to be waked up in the night by the howling salvages with their tommyhawks and scalpel knives, or to hear midnight buglars breaking into your house, or like the lady in Salem Street who waked up the other night and found a big nigger standing right horizontally by the side of her bed. It takes great courage to meet such things, depend upon it." The blood mantled to her cheek like the hue of a damask rosebush in bloom on the side of a yellow painted house, hersoom sat behind her spectacle bows and peeped out of the glasses, while Ike was engaged in putting a clean paper dickey and a black crawat upon a "marble bust of Pallas," just forseinst our closest door—only this and nothing more.—*Evening Gazette.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BURY ME NOT IN THE SEA.

BY LUCY M. DEAN.

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"
The words came faint and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On his cabin couch, where, day by day,
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shade had slowly passed, and now,
When the land and his fond, loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around to see him die.

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll o'er me,
Where no light can break through the cold wave,
And no sunbeam linger above my grave;
It matters not, I have been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
Yet grant ye, O grant ye this boon to me,
O bury, me not in the deep, deep sea.

"For in fancy I've listened to well-known words,
The free wild winds and the songs of birds;
I have thought of home, of cot and bower,
And of scenery I loved in childhood's hour;
I had ever hoped to be laid when I died,
In the church-yard there on the green hillside,
By the bones of my fathers my grave should be—
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"Let my death-slumber be where a father's prayer
And a sister's tears will be blended there;
O, 'twill be sweet, ere the heart-throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly has yearned for will come
To plant the first wild flowers of spring on my tomb;
Let its where those loved ones can weep over me—
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"And there is another—her tears would be shed
For him who lay far in a cold, ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She has twined these locks, and kissed this brow;
In the hair she wreathed shall the sea-serpent hiss,
The brow she pressed shall the cold waves kiss;
For the sake of that bright one who waits for me,
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed there;
They gave no heed to his dying prayer;
They lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
And above has closed the cold dark tide,
Where to dip her wing the sea-fowl rests,
Where the blue waves dance with their foaming crests,
Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free,
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MR. AND MRS. BLIMMERGLASS.

BY RALPH TRYON.

MRS. BLIMMERGLASS was rocking vigorously in her capacious chair. We say capacious, for the dimensions of that worthy lady were very ample, and could not easily be contained in a chair of ordinary magnitude. The clouds which were rapidly concentrating in the vicinity of her brows, and the particularly unamiable expression of her features as she regarded her spouse, gave evidence of a domestic storm soon to fall on his unconscious head.

He was minus his coat, and quietly adjusting his cravat before the octagon mirror, which formed the summit of a neat dressing bureau, and which that little man—he was very small—had inclined towards him, in order to be enabled to view his diminutive proportions; while the various turns and twists of his head made it evident that he was by no means dissatisfied with his personal appearance.

"Mr. Blimmerglass!" she at length exclaimed, giving particular emphasis to the "Mr."

The little man turned and started, as if to dodge the bolt which he discovered gleaming in her eyes, that had often favored him with their electric shocks, to which, by the by, he was by no means partial.

"Well, my dear," he answered plaintively.

"So you are going out this evening?"

"Yes—certainly—that was my intention."

"Pray, is it your intention to go out every night?"

"Not precisely, my love."

"Don't 'my love' me, Mr. Blimmerglass. Haven't you been absent every evening for more than a fortnight? and do you call that setting a good example, as the head of a family, to be rambling about nights when you ought to be at home?"

"You know very well where I go."

"I know where you *say* you go—to Buncomb's to discuss political matters; but saying and doing are different things."

"I hope you do not doubt my veracity, Mrs. Blimmerglass," said the party addressed, making a vain effort to summon up a look of offended dignity.

"I have never caught you in a falsehood," was the defiant answer; "but if you do deceive me, you wont find me the mild, submissive wife that I always have been. I don't doubt your word yet, but heaven knows what I may be brought to do. I do not like to be so neglected, and as for having you out every night, I wont allow it."

"Moral suasion, Mrs. B.—moral suasion."

"Moral fiddlesticks! Haven't I tried it until I am tired? and what has come of it—anything? No, I shall pursue a very different course! I shall insist upon my rights and I will find a way to maintain them!"

Quite a pause ensued, during which the storm had considerably abated. Blimmerglass observed this, and made an effort to recall a little sunshine.

"You know the strength of my affection," he said, "and know that I would not willingly absent myself from you; but a man, now-a-days, must take some stand in the political world, to be thought anything of—and you surely would not wish to be the wife of a nobody! I have a pride to become somebody, for your sake, Mrs. Blimmerglass."

"I know politics is politics, but women are women, and are not fond of being slighted," replied the wife, somewhat mollified, for the idea of being the wife of a nobody never occurred to her before, and she by no means relished it.

"What, slight you!" he exclaimed, looking as though he would annihilate any giant that would dare to make the assertion; "why, I never thought of such a thing."

"I am very glad to hear it, Peter; but to keep from being a nobody, will you be obliged to keep from home every night?"

"Certainly not, my dear. Suppose I was to tell you that after to night I should not be absent more than two evenings, during the week, until election comes off, and after that, very seldom except in your company, what would you say?"

"I should begin to think that you were coming to your senses."

"Mrs. Blimmerglass, allow me to trust that I have never been out of them."

"Just as you please, Peter. You know that I am never disposed to commence a quarrel with you!"

"Just so," answered the little man, in a tone that implied much doubt.

Mrs. Blimmerglass did not inflict upon him any further persecution on this occasion, but allowed her Peter to depart in peace as soon as he had completed his toilet.

Blimmerglass, notwithstanding his mild submission to the iron rule of his wife, was considered by the world as a rising man. He would drive a sharp bargain, and knew how to purchase real estate as well as any man in the county; and his discreet speculations had made him one of the largest landholders in the town. Peter, like other men of the world, had ambition; and as he was now rich, he looked with a longing eye into the political arena, thinking he could afford a little of his time for public matters tending, of course, to the public good. His aspirations, however, were very moderate, and the only honor that he hoped to achieve in reward for his labors, was a seat at the board of selectmen.

Buncomb was just the man to help him in this instance, for he was a scheming politician of fair abilities, and had his own interest in view, as by aiding Blimmerglass, he looked forward to the day when he might count upon his help to return him to the legislature, of which he was now a member.

While Peter pursued his way, indulging in dreams of parish greatness, his wife rocked very complacently in her chair at home, little thinking of the shock her woman's susceptibilities were soon to endure. At a later hour her brother came in, somewhat flushed and excited, and threw himself heavily into a chair, as though suffering from unusual fatigue.

"Why William," she exclaimed, "how tired you look! Pray, what have you been doing?"

"I believe I have been walking pretty fast. By the by, I met Peter this evening in rather peculiar circumstances; but I presume that you know all about it."

"I know that he was going to Buncomb's."

"Well, I must say that he was taking a peculiar route to get there."

"You alarm me. But do be a little more explicit, brother."

"Well I will, when you tell me who that fair lady was, that he seemed to be so careful about."

"William, are you crazy? I know nothing of any such lady. Ah, now I see it all! You are attempting to make me the victim of one of your silly jokes."

"I assure you that I am perfectly serious, and moreover, I was much struck with her beauty. Peter sent me here to tell you that he was unexpectedly obliged to be absent until a later hour than usual, and wished me to sit with you until his return. I believe he mentioned something about riding over to D——, which is about eight miles, you know."

"Then you saw him riding with a lady?"

"I did."

"And he had the coolness to stop and speak with you?"

"To be sure, sister. You know that Peter and I are excellent friends, and I should have thought it very singular, if he had not."

"You say that she was pretty—the jade!"

"Beautiful! I declare I really envied Peter the happiness of such a ride."

"The heartless wretch! This comes of his being out so much almost every evening, while I—poor confiding woman—thought he was only wasting his time in politics! I see it all now. The pains he always takes with his dress, the mildness with which he received the scolding I gave him to-night, his anxiety to avoid my society, his new-fangled notions of ambition—all show his infatuation for this creature, and his indifference to me, his lawful wife. And you too, William, can sit there calmly and see your own sister thus wronged—insulted, and think it all very proper, no doubt?"

"To be plain with you, I think that if Peter were guilty of indiscretion, you would only have to thank yourself for the misery your own ill temper has brought upon you."

"I declare, you will drive me mad. How can you make so cruel a remark, when you see that I am entirely prostrated with this blow?"

"Because, sister," said her brother, with a coolness that contrasted strangely with the excited state of the lady, "I think it is the proper time that you should receive a lesson which should last your lifetime. The fact is, that Peter has been a kind husband—too indulgent by half, at least; and what have you done to make his home happy? Have you not on every slight occasion given the full vent to your shrewish disposition? Have you not, for the most trivial affairs, visited upon his head a torrent of shameless abuse, until your unwomanly conduct has become the theme of town gossip? And who, I ask, would blame him, if to seek a momentary respite from such persecution, he should occupy a portion of his leisure with those who appreciated his good qualities, and gave him smiles instead of frowns?"

Mrs. Blimmerglass was sobbing violently. The words of her brother had touched her to the very quick. She had many excellent qualities and was altogether a good-hearted woman, and for the first time began to see her past conduct in its true light. To do her justice, she felt much worse at the idea of having treated her husband with injustice, than she did for the town gossip, which was also very humiliating to her pride. Her conscience told her that what had just been said was true, and she mentally vowed, that if Peter cleared up the matter of this ride and acquaintance with this strange lady, she would prove to him, in future, a different sort of wife.

Her brother saw the impression he had made, and was determined to make it lasting. He therefore proceeded to review the past with a minuteness almost cruel, but which resulted in such self-condemnation on the part of the lady, that she was fully prepared to forgive Peter for whatever he had done, even without an explanation.

At a late hour a carriage stopped at their gate, and in a few moments Blimmerglass entered with his usual bustle, but evidently in excellent spirits. His wife looked thoughtful, but not a shade of anger tinged her brow; while William burst into a loud fit of laughter at the singular appearance of his friend. His coat was soiled and torn, his elegant vest discolored, his shirt collar wofully rumpled, his hat a perfect wreck, and one eye bore a circle around it swollen and quite black.

"Well," said Blimmerglass, "I fancy that I do cut rather a ridiculous figure, but the end often justifies the means—hey, Sally?"

"Your own conscience is the best judge of that, Mr. Blimmerglass," said the lady, in a tone of mild reproach, at the same time looking puzzled, for she knew not how to account for the disordered attire of her husband; and she was also thinking that he did not appear to wear the guilty look which she expected from one who, to say the least, had committed a gross indiscretion.

"Conscience! what in the world are you talking about, Sally? I thought you would have commended my conduct, instead of speaking so coldly."

"The fact is," said William, with a malicious look, "that I only told Sally a small part of the story, and she has imagined all the evening that you were riding with a beautiful young creature for whom you had a very tender regard."

"And she knows nothing of our adventure?"

"Not a word. I couldn't have the heart to deprive you of the pleasure of the relation of this affair, especially as you played the part of a hero in it."

"Ah, William, you are a sad dog, and by your nonsense have no doubt made poor Sally quite uncomfortable; but to pay you for the trouble you have caused, you must tell her all the particulars, for I am not going to say one word about it."

"The adventure was quite a lively one," said the brother, "and it happened thus: My good friend here was plodding along to the residence of Buncomb, and as he was walking in the road which leads through the woods, he was startled by cries of distress at some little distance in advance of him. He at once hastened to the spot and found a young lady, with a little girl, probably her sister, seated in a chaise, while a fellow had seized the bridle of the horse, and rudely declared that she should not proceed unless she allowed him to accompany her, or rather to drive her home. The miscreant was probably intoxicated and so were his companions, who were in an open wagon near by.

"Peter made no inquiries, but at once knocked the villain down, while his dissolute friends leaped from the wagon and made a cowardly attack upon your husband. It was just at this time that I was coming along the same road in an opposite direction, intending to pass the evening with you, when hearing the noise, I hurried up to find Peter defending himself like a hero against the assaults of the three scamps, and at once dashed amongst them and in a few moments we had conquered the field, while our opponents lay at our feet, endeavoring to recover the senses which we had knocked out of them for a time, at least. The lady was very much frightened, as you might imagine, and we succeeded at length in pacifying the child, who after the trouble was over still continued to exert her lungs to their full power in screaming.

"The stranger begged Peter to drive her home, as she felt so excited, that she was not competent to the task. He very good naturedly gave up his appointment with Buncomb, and consented. She expressed her gratitude in the sweetest manner, and as I said to you this evening, I really envied him the ride with such a beautiful creature. When I left, the fellows had got by some means into their wagon and beat a hasty retreat."

"But," said Blimmerglass, "you do not know who she was, and I have the start of you there. She is the daughter of Judge P——, who sent his compliments and requests that you will favor him with a visit, at the earliest possible moment, that he may have the opportunity of expressing to you his gratitude. What do you think of that, Will?"

"I think I will ride over with you some fine afternoon, just to have a peep at his fair daughter."

"Now, Sally, what have you got to say?" said the amiable Peter.

"That I have been very foolish in doubting my dear husband for a moment; but the blame all rests with that young scapegrace brother of mine," at the same time encircling his neck with her fat arms so tightly, that the little man feared he should suffer strangulation.

"That is right, sister," said William; "lay it all to me. But do you not think that the end may justify the means?"

She shook one finger at him threateningly, for the early conversation of the evening recurred to her with full force, and she perfectly understood his meaning.

Blimmerglass, after weeks of sunshine, was at a loss how to account for the change in the conduct of his wife, which was as agreeable as it was incomprehensible to him. Home had new charms, and it was hard work for his friends to entice him abroad now, except in company with Mrs. Blimmerglass. In the mean time their brother, William Senter, had become a pretty frequent visitant at Judge P——'s, and in less than two years afterward, claimed the title of son-in-law, by which he came into possession of the hand of the fairest bride in the county.

Blimmerglass, after having filled the office of selectman with much ability, only resigned his place to occupy a seat in our State Legislature, where his practical talents make him particularly conspicuous as one of the most untiring working members of the "House."

[Written for the The Flag of our Union.]

LETTER NO. XIV.

Paris, July 2, 1856.

M. M. BALLOU:—DEAR SIR,—There are numerous hospitals and benevolent institutions in Paris, and some which are peculiar to it; at least, I have never heard of them in any other city. There are the *Creches*, or Nurseries, where poor women, who have to work out during the day, can leave their babies in excellent care, and come and nurse them at proper hours, and return for them at night. But a very trifling sum is paid for this privilege, and as the Creches have the best of medical attendance, some mothers bring their children for this alone.

Another of these institutions is the *Hospice des Enfants Trouves*, which being interpreted is, "The Hospital of Children Found—or Foundlings," and my visit to it was one of the most interesting I have made in Paris. We were admitted by presenting our passports at the gate, on Tuesday morning. An old nurse, habited in her black dress and large white bonnet, received us, and another one presently came and conducted us over the building. We crossed the interior courtyard, in the centre of which stood a stone sculpture, representing St. Vincent de Paule, the founder of the institution, rescuing a little child that had been deserted. Ascending a flight of stairs, we passed through a long hall, at one end of which a number of women were assorting an immense quantity of linen, that had been washed, but not ironed, and entered a large, well-lighted apartment. The door was no sooner opened than a chorus of baby squalling greeted our ears, such as I had never listened to before. We walked up to the centre of the long room through rows of cradles, elevated upon posts, like little cribs, instead of being upon rockers. They were all draped with curtains of spotless dimity, and looked as sweet as white lilies. The nurse drew away the curtains from many of them that we might peep in upon the little inhabitants. There lay the poor little foundlings, some only a few days, others a few weeks old. Some were sleeping quietly; others, with their eyes wide open, were lying in a thoughtful mood, or species of brown study; while others were vociferating right vigorously. I never felt so sorry for any set of humans in my life; and yet they were well cared for.

But the thought of the poor little creatures, deserted in their innocent helplessness, and the friendless sort of life before them, would have touched the hardest heart. Upon a sort of bed, or couch, in front of the grate, in which a cheerful fire was blazing, lay several that seemed to need some kind of attention, or were to be fed soon, and two nuns sat by, each feeding one little thing upon her lap. One of these nuns was a very sweet, young-looking woman, as fair as a lily, with pink cheeks and bright eyes that many a belle might have envied.

The babies that lay upon the couch were tied up below their arms in little woollen blankets, much like mummies; but their arms were free, and most of them were busily engaged in futile attempts to swallow their fists. One little thing, apparently older and much brighter than the rest, replied with a bright smile to our English baby-talk, showing that babyhood understands all languages alike. There were between thirty and forty babies in this room—sometimes there are many more,—but after they have been in the hospital two months they are put out to nurse in the country, unless they are sickly—in that case, they are kept in the hospital. Over the door of this room was the verse, in French, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

We were shown through several other rooms, in which were the sick children; and one in which the cradles were draped with dark blue curtains, for those afflicted with weak eyes. In one room some nuns were mending and making clothes and towels. They rose as we entered, and remained standing while we passed through, though they continued sewing, without raising their eyes. The walls of another room were completely lined with shelves and drawers, containing the clean linen. Everything was as neat and wholesome as the most particular person could have desired. The rooms were all large and airy, and the floors of polished oak. The windows, many of them, looked out upon a beautiful garden, and the air was scented with the breath of blossoming flowers. It was really wonderful to see what system pervaded the whole establishment.

The last room we were shown into was the little chapel, which contained several very pretty paintings, and, of course, a large image of the virgin and child, which the children are early taught to adore. In the same building with the foundlings, is the Orphan Hospital, and the foundlings, after having been kept at nurse for two years in the country, are transferred to the orphan department. There they are taught reading, writing and arithmetic, and when they become of age are placed out at trades. Both these establishments are under the special superintendence of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paule.

If a mother wishes to place her child in this hospital, it is necessary for her to obtain a certificate, expressing her intention of abandoning it, signed by a commissary of police. Formerly it was only necessary to place the child in a little box, in the wall of the hospital, and ring the bell; the box was turned upon the pivot, and the mother never could see the child again without formally recognizing it and withdrawing it from the hospital. If the child's name or quality, written upon a slip of paper, were attached to its person, it was carefully registered at the hospital, and the child could at any time be recognized.

I cannot think, however, that such an institution as this is really beneficial. It seems like the State's stepping in to arrest the consequences of individual sins. If the people sin they should bear the temporal consequences themselves; certainly they should support and provide for their own children. There can be no doubt that it prevents some infanticide, but it is quite as certain that it increases the number of illegitimate children. During some years more than five thousand have been received at this hospital, and there are many others in France. Nearly seventy thousand illegitimate children are born yearly in France, and ten thousand in Paris alone. This fact alone shows the dreadful state of morality which prevails.

After leaving the hospital, we walked to the gates of the city, but a short distance from it, and took dinner in an arbor in the garden of a restaurant, outside the walls. As we re-entered the city, we passed an omnibus at the gate, which was being examined by the police. Every vehicle has to be thus examined before it can enter the city. They looked under the benches, and into every basket; and then climbed to the top and examined every bundle there. They are thus particular, because there is quite a duty upon all wines and provisions brought within the walls of the city.

Yours, respectfully, J. P. B.

NON-SUITING A CREDITOR.

There was a lawyer on Cape Cod, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and for aught I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to incur litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

"Look a here, 'squire," said he, "that are blasted shoemaker down to the Pigeon Grove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"O, yes."

"Well, then, you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of his money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care for that. How much do you want to go on with?"

"O, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead;" and the client went off, very well satisfied with the beginning."

Our lawyer then called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay, and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you; I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take those five dollars and call it square."

"Certain, 'squire, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over one V, and kept the other. In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer. "We've non-suited him! He'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great! I'd rather gin fifty dollars than had him get the money for them boots!"—*Symbol.*

News Glances.

SHOCKING.—Nearly all the children with the teacher in Warsaw, Mo., were poisoned lately. A man named James Ray, having some difficulty with some of his neighbors, and failing to get revenge, concluded to take it by poisoning the inoffensive children of those with whom he had the difficulty. He therefore fiendishly poisoned the water of the spring used by the children of the school, those whom he wished to destroy being among the number.

THE GREAT COMET.—The astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Bomme, of Middleburg, Holland, have been making some investigations in respect to the return of the great comet which appeared in the years 104, 392, 682, 975, 1264, and 1556. The result gives the arrival of this rare visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less.

SOUTHERN RAILROADS.—The city of New Orleans has encountered much delay in prosecuting the system of railways projected in 1851-2; but the prospect now begins to brighten, and the great Northern line through Jackson, Mississippi, is likely to connect with the Mississippi Central, and through it with Nashville, Memphis, Cairo and the North West in all next year.

BOSTON DIRECTORY FOR 1856.—George Adams, the publisher, recently issued the Directory for 1856. It is at once full, complete and satisfactory. The public could not desire a better Directory than this. It contains 46,280 names. The first Directory in 1789, contains 1474 names.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.—An Observatory has been erected on the high grounds at Clinton, Oneida county, and a first class telescope placed in it. The building was constructed upon plans prepared by Prof. Mitchell, at Cincinnati.

SARATOGA AND THE FALLS.—The Saratoga News says that the present season will be one of the best they have ever had. The hotels at Niagara Falls are represented as crowded to overflowing, so that many are obliged to seek other quarters.

A NEW IDEA.—A transparent ballot box, consisting of a hollow glass globe, supported by four pillars, has been submitted to the Government of the city of New York for the adoption of that place.

OLD AGE.—Mrs. Henrietta Harden died in St. Mary's county, Md., lately, having attained the age of 118 years. She was the widow of a revolutionary soldier.

NOT TO BE SLIGHTED.—A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that "the pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word for scissors.

GLOVES.—A new style of white kid gloves, beautifully embroidered with gold thread or colored silks, has been introduced from Paris.

THEIR USE.—The true use of cockroaches, as all truly wise people have known for years, is to flavor fine old Burgundy with.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

HOME.

There is no great intrinsic merit in the poetry of Howard Payne's song of "Home Sweet Home," and yet there is no song that so thrills the popular heart, that is so sure to stir the blood and moisten the eye, whenever it is sung. This is because it appeals to a sentiment that inspires every breast. There is something in the very word "home" that awakens the most tender emotions.

"Though never so humble there's no place like home."

There is no flower so dear to us as the rose that blossoms by our garden gate, no water so bright and pure as that by the banks of which we have strayed in childhood, gathering the violets that clustered on its brink, or sailing our tiny boats upon its surface in anticipation of the great ventures and voyages of life. "We may wander away and mingle in the 'world's fierce strife,' and form new associations and friendships, and fancy that we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again amid the familiar haunts, and press the hands of the companions long since cold in their graves—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though not mournful to the soul."

Rob Roy says that when his great enemy forced him to flee from his native district and take refuge in a safer place, that his wife Helen composed a lament so sad and woeful that the hearts of those who heard it died within them, and he adds: "I would not have that same touch of the heart-break again—no—not for all the broad lands once owned by the MacGregor." It is well known that, in the past century, the performance of the *Ranz des Vaches* by the band of the regiment of Swiss guards was forbidden. That simple mountain air, recalling to the military exiles their mountain home and the tender associations of their youth, rendered them so homesick that they could endure absence no longer, and deserted their colors in numbers. The same effect was produced in Canada among the Highland regiments by the performance of "Lochaber no more."

It has been truly and eloquently said: "The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the evergreen isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart may have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with their heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved days, and his tears will flow like the summer's rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glance of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lips of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by. We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted, but that will not usurp the place of home."

SELLING A BANKER.—Daniel Fish, Esq., president of the Farmers' Bank, in Lansingburg, N. Y., lately bought a pair of oxen of a stranger, and paid him in Farmers' Bank bills, urging him to give them a wide circulation for the good of the bank. In about two hours, the real owner of the cattle, from whom they had been stolen, made his appearance and regained his property. The bills, however, are no doubt having a "wide circulation."

SELF ESTEEM.—Malherbe, the French poet, was one of the vainest of men. The Princess of Conti one day said to him, "I want to show you the finest verses in the world which you have never seen." Malherbe replied: "I beg your pardon, I have seen them; for, if they are the finest verses in the world, I must certainly have written them myself."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—The Prussian school counseller Dinton nobly said: "I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant child as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide him the best education as a man and a Christian which it was possible for me to provide."

SALUTATION.—Lord Brougham *shakes hands* with one finger, accompanying the act with a guttural and sepulchral "How ar-r-re you?"—rolling his *r* with the burr peculiar to the north of England, while the Middlesex yeoman gives you a grip that almost dislocates your fingers.

LIGHT AND HEALTH.—Persons who live in rooms where the sunlight enters freely and the walls are light, enjoy better health than those who exclude the sun's rays and live in sombre-colored apartments.

SCARE-CROWS.—Scare-crows in gardens are humbugs. Birds have been known to make their nests in the pockets of a scare-crow.

THE OLDEST ONE.—Rev. Dr. Spring is the oldest clergyman in New York. He has occupied his pulpit forty-six years.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

It is thus that the Parisians style one of their most attractive public places. All sorts of trades flourish famously in the Elysian Fields—beggars abound there, flower girls, musicians, all sorts of people. Music is represented there by numerous *virtuosi*, who offer their concerts to the promenaders, and even painting has established itself in these domains. The idler is accosted by a young man, who says to him:

"Sir, shall I sketch your portrait for ten cents?"

"No, I thank you."

"Don't refuse, I beg of you. You'll do a good deed and make a bargain. I'll warrant the likeness. Only ten cents, and ten minutes time. You can't afford to do without a likeness, when you get it so cheap."

"Very well—go ahead."

The young man instantly takes his pencil from his pocket, and a leaf from a book that he carries under his arm, and lays it flat on his knee, which serves him for a desk.

"Stand a little further off," says the subject; "I don't want to attract people's attention."

"As you please; I can hit a likeness at ten paces."

The artist places himself at the required distance, and in ten minutes brings the portrait. What is stranger yet, the portrait is an admirable likeness, and by no means contemptible as a work of art; for the faculty of drawing is almost universal in Paris. For ten cents! Talent is certainly cheap now-a-days.

Seduced by the price, a gentleman who was in the Elysian Fields the other night with his wife, a young and pretty woman, had his portrait taken, and was so well pleased with it that he said to the artist, "Now you may take my wife." The artist resumed his work, and at the moment when he was putting the last pencil-touch to it, and giving a glance of satisfaction at the picture which, through the inspiration of the model's beauty, he had executed admirably, a young man hastily seized the paper, threw the sketcher a twenty-franc piece, and disappeared with his prize. The gentleman was furious, and rushed home with his wife, declaring that he would never again set foot in the Elysian Fields.

All the celebrities of the gay French capital may be seen in the Elysian Fields. That young man on the blooded horse has just come into possession of a fortune of eight millions. That splendid carriage, with the servants in mourning livery, belongs to Lord Harry Seymour. That smiling dandy in the tilbury has lost more than a hundred thousand crowns in stock speculations within a few weeks. One of these fine days, he'll pay his creditors—perhaps. That gentleman of an uncertain age, in a splendid caleche, drawn by two superb horses in glittering harness, is the illustrious Mr. Auber, at once a composer, a sportsman and a gentleman. In fact, the Elysian Fields is a world in itself.

FAME.

What little things serve to make a man famous or notorious, to stir up nations and even produce wars! Little did Professor Mahan think, when he presented himself for admission in his neat blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart may have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with their heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved days, and his tears will flow like the summer's rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glance of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lips of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by. We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted, but that will not usurp the place of home."

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COOL COSTUME.—Somebody proposes for summer a suit of India rubber, to be filled with ice water.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A book has been curiously defined as a "brain preserved in ink."

It wasn't Bulwer that said the scissors were mightier than the sword.

A Mr. Coon (same old?) is about to establish a paper in Wisconsin.

The art of printing was denounced at first as magic—it seems like enchantment.

When a carpenter is fitting up the inside of a store, he's a *counter-fitter*.

We understand that Mr. George F. Train is about publishing a book of travels.

Fifteen tons of slippery elm bark have been shipped east from Hillsdale, Michigan.

The remains of a marble palace have been discovered under a garden in the Isle of Capri.

Captain Nathaniel S. Webb, of the 10th U. S. Infantry, has resigned his commission.

Calcutta and other parts of India are fearfully visited by cholera.

Some boys lately attempted to burn the House of Refuge at Rochester, N. Y.

Lately, at Memphis, Tenn., the thermometer went up to 102 in the shade.

A savage horse in Brooklyn, N. Y., lately bit off the cheek of a boy.

Professor Heller, the magician and pianist, died recently of sun stroke in Washington.

Mr. Vieux Temps, the violinist, lately made $8000 in a four months' tour.

Thirty or forty persons make a trade of bringing dogs to the City Pound in New York.

It is expected that Mlle. Rachel will soon reappear upon the stage.

There is positively a standing army of actors in Germany—they are literally legion.

The Collins line of steamers receives $858,000 a year for carrying the mail.

Madagascar, the most fertile island of the tropics, is to be invaded by the French.

Australian advices state that the yield of gold continues to increase.

Many of Gen. Walker's disbanded soldiers have taken land and gone to farming.

The people of California seem to endorse the action of the vigilance committee.

CATCHING A COURTIER.

Louis XIV. said one day to Marshal Grammont: "Mr. Marshal, just read this madrigal and see if you have ever seen anything more impertinent. Because I love poetry, they bring me all sorts of stuff!" The marshal, after having read it, said to the king: "Your majesty judges everything divinely—it is certainly the stupidest and most ridiculous effusion I ever read." The king laughed and said: "You will acknowledge the fellow who did this must be a blockhead!" "Sire," replied the courtier, "you can't call him anything else." "Well," said the king, "I am delighted you have spoken so frankly. I did it myself." "Ah, your majesty!" exclaimed Grammont; "you are joking! But give me the paper again. I read it very hastily, and first impressions are often deceptive." "No, Mr. Marshal," replied the king, "on the contrary, first impressions are generally the most natural and correct." The king was much amused at this incident, and the world thought it was a nice trick to play off on a man who lived by flattery. Grammont, however, did not get over his mortification for a long time.

MORE CAMELS COMING.—The United States government like the camels they imported so well, that they have sent for more. The travelling powers of the camel are truly extraordinary. Col. Chesney, of the British army, rode with three companions, and without change of camel, from Basrah to Damascus, a distance of 960 miles, in nineteen days and three or four hours, thus averaging fifty miles a day, the camels having no food but such as they gathered themselves at halting places on the road. Ninety miles in a single day is no unusual performance for one of these desert ships.

CHICAGO AGENCY FOR THE FLAG.—We most heartily recommend to our readers and the public generally our Chicago agents for the *Flag of our Union*, Messrs. Wallace, Austen & Burk, 25 Clark Street. These enterprising gentlemen keep our publications always on hand, as well as all other periodical literature of the day. They will ever be found prompt and obliging.

A PAINTER'S FLATTERY.—Mignard, the court painter to Louis XIV., knew how to flatter him without using the pencil. When he was painting his portrait for the tenth time, the king said: "Mignard, don't you find I've grown old?" "Sire, I perceive a few more victories on your brow," replied the courtly artist.

NOBILITY AND MUSIC.—The New York Times says: "It is the mission of counts to marry *prime donne*." The fact is, that counts are so cheap and plentiful abroad, that the title is of no account, while *prime donne* are profitable. The advantage is all on the side of the connubializing counts.

DIAMOND REEF.—The blasting of Diamond Reef in New York harbor afforded some magnificent spectacles. With a charge of five hundred pounds of powder, a prodigious fountain of glittering water was thrown up to the height of one hundred and fifty feet.

NEW YORK CARMEN.—Many of these industrious members of society have awnings over their horses, so that they always stand and move in the shade—a very comfortable provision for hot weather.

ECONOMICAL.—A lady can dress in this country for a very reasonable sum. Lace mantillas in Broadway are almost given away at a thousand dollars apiece!

FRIENDSHIP.—How true it is that you will go through life friendless, if you insist on seeking for a *fidus Achates* without a fault!

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Gipsey's Secret: or, The League of Guilt," a story of high and humble life, by the author of "THE CONTRABANDIST."

"The Maker and Master of Life," verses by CALE DUNN.

"The Coquette: or, Perseverance Rewarded," a story by HENRY HACKETT.

"A Summer Watering Place," a sketch by W. C. GOODNOW.

"Boyhood," a poem by GAY HUMBOLDT.

"Dick Hardy's Chest," a story of the sea, by RALPH TATON.

"To the Invisible One," stanzas by ZEPHYR.

"Travelling in Asia Minor," an Eastern sketch by Dr. J. V. C. SMITH.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Likeness of Col. John C. Fremont, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, with a minute account of the leading events of his life.

Sketches in Africa, being representations of life in the Cape of Good Hope, among the Negroes: first, a portrait of a Bechuana Wagon Leader; second, a Cape Wagoner taking snuff, third, an Amakosa Fingoe Woman; fourth, a Fingoe Woman; and fifth, a Kaffir Woman.

Mess Room of the Marines of Charlestown Navy Yard.

Sleeping Apartment of the Marines at Charlestown Navy Yard.

Yard of the Marine Barracks, Charlestown.

Representation of Dutch Vessels at Amsterdam.

A characteristic scene on South Boston Bridge.

Portrait of William T. Porter, Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

View of the Esplanade Concerts on Boston Common.

Picture of Rachel's Chateau, near Paris.

Equestrian portrait of Victoria, Queen of England.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

France lost 40,000 out of her 200,000 soldiers engaged in the Russian war.

Sir Charles Fox and Mr. Henderson have contracted to rebuild Covent Garden Opera House in six months.

Queen Victoria has conferred the title and dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom on Sir Allen M'Nab, late prime minister in Canada.

"The King of Sweden has conferred a gold medal on Mr. Anderson, author of "Lake Nagnsmi; or, Explorations and Discoveries in South-Western Africa."

A bill is in preparation for revising the usury laws in Prussia. The interest on loans is to be allowed to go as high as 10 per cent.; and a higher rate is to be punished as swindling.

It has been discovered that several copies of a seditious manifesto were lately sent from Brussels cleverly to Paris, packed in the interior of a large lobster.

Louis Napoleon has so far made amends for his spoliation of the Orleans family, as to propose paying to each of the daughters of Louis Philippe, or their heirs, an allowance of 200,000 francs.

The married ladies of Honolulu have lately presented a petition to the legislature, praying for the suppression of theatres and circuses, on the ground that they kept their husbands out all night.

Very active correspondence is now going forward between Prussia and Austria on the proposals to be made to the Diet on the subject of the Danish Duchies. It is intended to press on the Diet a very energetic interference.

For the purpose of avoiding the numerous fires which take place in the fields and woods of Spain during the summer season, the Governor of Cordova has interdicted to the peasants the use of phosphoric matches from July first to September fifteenth.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Thorough knowledge only enables a man to think more justly.

It is the part of a man to be afflicted with grief, to feel sorrow, at the same time that he is to resist it, and to admit of comfort.

A mind too vigorous and active, serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.

The difficulty of refuting very silly and weak arguments reminds one of the well-known difficult feat of cutting through a cushion with a sword.

Even where praise is deserved, ill-nature and self-conceit, passions that rule the majority of mankind, will, with less reluctance, part with their money than their approbation.

Duty is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. It commands us to look neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight onward.

More backbiting without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, shrunk in first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of the unforgiving spirit.

When we are conscious of the least comparative merit in ourselves, we should take as much care to conceal the value we set upon it, as if it were a real defect; to be elated or vain upon it, is showing your money before people in want.

Joker's Budget.

If you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro baby attacked with the colic.

"Come, get up, it's time to rise," as Mr. Squizzle said to his mother-in-law's shoes.

"Don't believe it," is the rather suggestive catch phrase at the commencement of a patent medicine advertisement.

Every one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity: even the toad thinks himself good looking—rather tawny, perhaps, but look at his *eyes!*

How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

"Pray, can you tell me," lisped an exquisite, "why I always pause after the first syllable of 'rapid?' It is because I love to stop when I come to o n.

This is a world of compensations. Kick a boy for chalking on your fence, and he will balance the account by throwing a brickbat at the first friendless dog he runs against.

An Irishman lately bought a family Bible, and, taking it home, made his first entry in it thus: "Patrick O'Donohue—born Sept. 20th, 1836, aged three years."

A witness in court, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendent in the case, said he knew him intimately well. He had supped with him, sailed with him, and horse-whipped him.

Lord Stanford told Moore that Lady Caroline Lamb, in a moment of passion, had knocked down one of her pages with a stool. "Well," said the poet, "it is nothing uncommon for a literary lady to *double down a page.*"

Quill and Scissors.

The number of newspapers published in the United States, according to the census of 1852, is 2526, with an aggregate circulation of upwards of five millions of copies. In 1833 there were 424 papers issued in New England, 876 in the Middle States, 716 in the Southern States, and 784 in the Western States. These numbers are of course much larger at the present time.

Coffee is a native of Abyssinia, and not of Arabia, as many believe, and abounds in the province of Kaffa, whence it derives its name. The coffee tree was not transplanted from Abyssinia into Asia until the fifteenth century, when its culture was begun in Arabia Felix, where, in the environs of Mocha, it grows to perfection.

The Illustrated News of London announces that it has contracted for one of Hoe & Co's great printing machines. The London Times has, we learn, also ordered one larger than any yet made; it is to have ten printing cylinders. Two other printing establishments in London have also given orders for these machines.

Capital punishments are extremely rare in Denmark, and when one does occur it creates an immense sensation. A woman was recently decapitated in the province of Jutland, where it is certain no execution has taken place for three hundred years, and the event was witnessed by upwards of 20,000 people.

De Nyse I. De Nyse, a patriot of the Revolution, died at his residence in Flatbush on the 20th ult. He was born in New Utrecht in 1760, and was consequently 96 years of age. He participated in the battles of Long Island, Trenton and Princeton, and was present at the evacuation of New York by the British.

An exchange recommends the following: To prevent dogs becoming mad, take as much African cayenne pepper as will make a pill about the size of a large pea. Give this in raw meat once or twice a week during the warm months, and you will have no mad dogs.

A London publisher has just issued a volume containing biographies of the "Celebrated Characters who have died during the year 1855." Amongst the memoirs is an obituary notice of General Tottleben, who is now in full health, commandant at Cronstadt!

The Russian government is considering a fresh plan for the gradual abolition of serfdom. The scheme is to raise a loan and purchase serfs of the private owners, and then convert them into crown tributaries, or, if they prefer agricultural pursuits, into hereditary tenants.

An English company, with Messrs. Cunard and McIver at its head, have chosen Beicos Bay as a site for a dock in the Bosphorus in which ships may be repaired. There is now no such dock in the harbor of Constantinople, the finest in the world.

It is stated that Milford Haven has been selected as the port of departure for America of a line of steamers of immense tonnage and great power. Mr. Enoch Train, of this city, has been surveying the ground for the purpose of running four steamers of 4000 tons each.

A river fire steamer has just been built at Cincinnati, constructed like a ferry boat, and having a fixed steam fire engine on board, to be used in the port of St. Louis in case of a fire occurring among the steamboats at the levee.

There have died in Salem, Mass., within a week, recently, five women, whose aggregate ages amounted to three hundred and eighty one years; four of them having lived beyond "fourscore."

There are eighteen establishments for manufacturing steel in our country; these have a capacity for making 14,000 tons per annum. We have the best ores in the world for making steel.

The New York Times speaks of a young lady near Boston, not quite sixteen years of age, who is engaged in writing an opera under the influence of the spirit of Beethoven.

Hosiery are imported of exquisite fineness and delicately embroidered; some of such exquisite texture that two pair can be folded together and passed through a lady's ring.

To such an extent has incendiarism become rampant in Portland, that the different wards are organizing Vigilance Committees to patrol the city every night.

The yellow fever prevails to some extent in the environs of Havana, though there has been but few cases in the city. General Concha is down with it.

The famous watering place, Bedford Springs, Pa., have been sold to the Broad Top Railroad Company, for the round sum of $186,000.

One hundred millions of dollars worth of hay will be raised in the United States this year—equal in value to the cotton crop.

The first printing press set up in America was worked at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. William S. McQueston to Miss Elizabeth Fudge.

By Rev. Dr. Blake, Mr. John Hill to Miss Charlotte Copeland.

By Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Edmund C. Bradford to Miss Lucy M. Whittaker.

By Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. W. B. Carney to Miss Lizzie Turner Cobb.

By Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. James D. K. Willis to Miss Ellen A. Cummings.

By Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. Daniel Dorrington to Miss Harriet Harris.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Capt. Horace H. Watson, Jr. to Miss Anna Freeman.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Edward E. Herrick to Miss Emily F. Moody, of Beverly.

At Brighton, by Rev. Dr. How, Mr. John Alfred Carpenter to Miss Abby Goodwin Hoff.

At Somerville, Mr. George Warren West to Miss Sarah Ann Frost.

At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Dr. Algernon Coolidge to Miss Mary Lowell.

At Dartmouth, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. James H. Severance to Miss Charlotte Kilgare.

At Gardner, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Hollis Thompson Miss Martia L. Jaquith.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Napoleon B. Phelps to Miss Ruth L. Drury.

At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Rowson, Mr. William Hadfield to Miss Priscilla Arden.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Dr. Charles Scruton to Miss Mary E. Tanner.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Charles Browne, 62; Miss Helen Callender, 50; Mr. Peter White, 22; Miss Maria Wiley, of Salem, 26; Mr. George Graham, 34; Mr. George Derr, 34.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Coburn, 39.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Caleb I. Pike, 56.

At West Cambridge, Mr. George Lee, 80.

At Woburn, Mrs. Mary L. Flanders, 32.

At Watertown, Miss Lucy Sanger, 60.

At Methuen, Widow Susannah Frye, 88.

At Quincy, Mr. Thomas Page, 71; Mr. James B. Read, 40; Mrs. Lydia Souther.

At Waltham, Miss Eleanor Louisa Treat, 16.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Alice Caley, 69.

At Tewksbury, Mr. Abel Brown, 80.

At Haverhill, Mr. Dudley Trow, 82; Mr. Arstus H. Chase, 22; Miss Lucretia A. Sanborn, 22.

At East Bridgewater, Mr. James H. Tallman, of New Bedford, 44.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Ann Menage.

At Guilford, Mrs. Lurancia Higgins, 72.

At Springfield, Mr. James F. Mann, of Key West, 32.

At Northfield, Widow Fanny Blake, 73.

At Northampton, Mr. Enos Cook, 82; Mrs. Susan H. Clark, 73.

At Greenfield, Mr. Algernon S. Hollister, Jr., 29.

At North Leverett, Mrs. Lucy W. Rice, 60.

At Dennis, Mr. Isaac Hall, 78; Mr. David G. Howes, 26.

At South Dennis, Mr. Solomon Wilson, 58.

At Eastham, Capt. Parker Brown, 73.

At Goshen, Mrs. Elizabeth L. James, 84.

At Chilmpne, Mr. Samuel Goodman, 21.

At Nantucket, Mr. Daniel Austin, 82.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY EARLY DAYS.

BY EDGAR D. EDWARDS.

Thoughts of childhood—thoughts ofchildhood—memories of our youthful days—
How they throng our recollection, through life's ever turning ways,
And we long in life's rough battle for the joyousness of youth—
For its freedom and its carelessness—its purity and truth.

When in life's calm, solemn twilight, our fancies backward roam,
When our race is almost ended, when we've almost reached our home,
When the sun of life is casting back his last, long lingering ray,
And hope's evening star is promising the glorious, heavenly day.

Then, at nature's evening twilight—at that peaceful, holy hour,
When the past comes o'er our heart thoughts, and we're wrapped in memory's power,
As the deepening, pale-edged shadow drops softly in the west,
Veiling o'er the molten splendor with its purple robe of rest;

Studded with the sparkling star-gems, peering through the azure sky,
Gazing down with tearful pity from their purity on high;
Till a hush comes over nature—the very birds are still—
The noisy, chattering bob-o-link has ceased his buoyant trill;

And the swallow seems to swim the air more softly than before,
As he circles higher upwards, as if seeking for a door
Of escape from earthly struggles to a brighter, purer home
In the sleeping calmness o'er him—in the evening's star-lit dome.

While the bull-frog's mournful bass notes fill our sadly listening ear,
Bringing back our childish reveries on the mossy flag-stone dear;
And we sit for a few short moments, though long to memory's eye,
On that same old stony door-step, listening to the bull-frog's cry.

Listening to the tearful stillness which on all things seems to lie—
O, this blessed angel Memory—mid earth's struggles and earth's strife,
Breathing in upon our fancy sweetest visions of our life—
Pleasant footsteps only showing, in a path with sorrow rife.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SISTERS.

BY ANNETTE HAZLETON.

"MOTHER, why did you not let me accept Mrs. Swift's invitation to attend Eleanor's party to-day?" said Lillie Tremont, a girl of twelve, to her mother.

"Because, my dear, I never allow my children to associate with low people, like the Swifts."

"Why, ma, I think Eleanor is a very sweet girl; and everybody says they are nice people."

"Of course; but then you know they're *poor*, and you, my daughter, are old enough to know that if you commence going in such company, you can keep no other."

Lillie made no reply, but playing with the end of her belt-ribbon, gazed steadily on the carpet. At this moment two ladies entered the room—they had come to make a fashionable call upon the mother. One of them, the widow of a late banker, was of course attired in the usual mourning garb, for her husband had been dead scarce four months; while the other—who, by the way, was the widow's sister, Mrs. Norton, and who had been married but a few weeks, showed by the richness and gaiety of her dress that she belonged to the *ton* of Philadelphia.

The usual ceremony of meeting being over, the ladies seated themselves, and the three commenced a conversation after the usual manner of gossiping visitors, finally winding off by expressing it as their candid opinion that'a respectable merchant, Amos Dean, was about to fail.

"O, what a pity it *would* be!" said the rich widow. "Why, only just think of Laura, she's always been taken so much notice of in society." They all three sighed deeply, and the widow continued: "But still it's no more than I expected—pride must have its fall, you know."*

"Certainly," replied the sister; "but I hope they wont be as impudent as the Swifts are. Why really, Mrs. Tremont, don't you think Mrs. Swift sent an invitation over to sister's for Julia to attend her little girl's party!"

"Did she go?" exclaimed Lillie.

"Of course not, my dear," rather angrily replied her mother.

"Why, here's our dear little Lillie," exclaimed Mrs. Norton; and she drew the child to her side. "How charming she looks in this embroidered muslin—she'll make a lily indeed in society when she becomes a little older."

The child blushed, and immediately left the room.

"She'll make a perfect fairy in the ball room; but pray, my dear Mrs. Tremont, I thought you were going to send her to Mrs. Allen's boarding-school," said the widow.

"She will go within a fortnight," replied Mrs. Tremont; "that is, if her father does not oppose me too strongly."

"What! does your husband oppose you in educating your children?" exclaimed Mrs. Norton, with an air of great surprise.

"Why you know, my dear, men always have a great deal to say about fashionable boarding-schools."

The two visitors laughed right out at this, and the widow remarked "that her husband used to leave the managing of such business to herself, and that had he interfered it would have made no difference."

Mrs. Tremont sighed deeply as she replied: "Ah! Frank is so set you cannot turn him an inch."

"But he can't find much fault, for he knows you brought a large sum of money from your father—enough, indeed, to educate your children to your own liking," said Mrs. Norton.

"I've given him to understand that," replied Mrs. T.; "but really, you don't know what a trial he is to me. He has already sent Agnes into the country to stay a year with his sister, and threatens to send Lillie unless I give up the idea of training her my own way."

At length these most sympathising friends took their leave, and Mrs. Tremont was again left alone to ponder over the best method of overcoming her husband's objections concerning Lillie's education. As for Agnes, she never cared for her, but she loved Lillie as well as a worldly mother can love.

Now Mr. Tremont was by no means a domestic tyrant. He was a man of a kind heart, and was, fortunately, possessed of good commonsense. He married his wife when they were both very young—more at the suggestion of his parents than of his own affections. He did not understand human nature then so well as he does at present—now he sees the error of false training, and is anxious to give his children an education, such an one as may fit their immortal minds for something better than breaking hearts, buying ribbons, and dying at last with no other mourners than the mantua-maker and milliner. He has long seen that his youngest child, Agnes—now but nine years old, had no share of her mother's love, and for this reason he had sent her to the country to stay with his sister, Mrs. Baily; he knew she would be well cared for there, both as respects physical and moral culture, while she would not be missed at home.

But Lillie was still a bone of contention between them. Her mother, however, had made up her mind that she should be sent to the boarding-school; so it was useless to say more, as Mr. Tremont especially disliked being reminded of the hundred thousand dollars his wife had brought him at their marriage.

It is unnecessary to our present purpose to record the events which followed in the next five years; only we will inform our readers that Miss Lillie was sent off to Miss Allen's school the next week, there to be instructed in the refined arts—the hollow heartlessness of fashionable life.

It was one of those lovely days which Indian summer alone can bring; a holy calmness—a Sabbath-like stillness—rested on the face of nature. It was about the middle of the afternoon that a gentleman and lady might have been seen sauntering down a lane, situated not far from —— Boarding School. It was indeed a beautiful place, and well-selected for a walk. The two wandered on, occasionally stopping to gather "some things of beauty" which lay strewed in their pathway, until they came to an arbor, formed by the grape vines twining themselves into the limbs of two tall maples, and again falling gracefully to the ground.

"Here is a seat for us," said the gentleman; and the two seated themselves. Her waist was encircled by his arm, and her head reclined gently upon his breast.

"O Edgar, how lonely this place will look when you are gone. I shall never want to see it again."

"But, Lillie, a year will soon pass by, and then I shall return to make you happy, and my own heart blessed."

"A year!—it seems like an age," replied the fair girl.

The young man imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, and continued:

"You are now seventeen; in six months more you will leave school."

"Yes; but why should we speak of that now?"

"Lillie, ere twelve months have passed by, you will be introduced into the gaieties of society, and—"

"And what?"

"You may forget me *then*."

"Forget you? O, Edgar, how can you be so cruel!"

"I would not accuse thee, darling; but still, we do not always know our own hearts."

"Edgar, if you think I am false hearted, tell me so at once, and do not trifle with me."

"Lillie, I mean not so; but bear with me one moment. I have seen much of the world, and have studied nature since my childhood, and I have never seen the man yet who knew his own heart."

"Ah! but Edgar, you know woman's heart is always true." And she laughed merrily.

He smiled as he replied: "I doubt not, Lillie, that you love me as I love you. I take your word and consider you mine; nor need that promise debar you from society. Go. Mingle with the gayest, and as you are true to nature, you will be faithful to me."

They now talked of the past, the present, and the future, until the swift wing of time brought the hour of parting. They were to meet no more, until twelve long months had passed away. The young man was to trust his life upon the angry wave, while the maiden was to place her spirit's fate upon the sea of fashionable society. Which was in the most danger time will show. Thus parted Edgar Dorance and Lillie Tremont, one year before the scene which we shall next describe.

Miss Tremont is just eighteen. This is her birthday night, and the elegant rooms of her father's mansion are brilliantly lighted up; for of course her birthday party must be a splendid one; to-night she is to "come out" into the fashionable society of Philadelphia. "Gay, handsome, accomplished, rich, she will make a sensation among the *elite* of our city to-night," Mrs. Tremont exclaimed to her husband, as the dashing belle passed into the next room. Mr. Tremont shook his head, but made no reply.

"O, Frank, it's always just so—you never took any notice of Lillie yet, at least as you ought to, though most fathers would be proud of her." He still made no answer, but rising, took his hat and left the house.

"Just like you," muttered the wife, as her husband closed the door after him, and she rose to re-arrange her toilet and prepare for the reception.

Hours flew by, and music and mirth reigned through the stately hall. The brilliancy and beauty of the new belle brought many admirers to her feet; but as she had been taught that her chief glory consisted in the number of conquests she made, of course she acted accordingly; and when the hour for breaking up had arrived, not one of her many admirers could exactly say he hoped. No—she understood her business too well for that.

A few mornings afterwards, a new member entered the Tremont family. This was none other than the daughter of Henry Craig, the only brother of Mrs. Tremont. Mr. Craig had failed, with many others of his time; in addition to this misfortune, his wife had recently died, leaving him with two children—Harry and Minnie. He was a very enterprising man, and one who would not easily give up to circumstances. He had therefore concluded to go, in company with his son, who was now nineteen years of age, to some distant place, there to accumulate a competency, at least, for his family. But a new difficulty now arose—what should be done with Minnie? She was now but fifteen, and was one of those sensitive, loving creatures, most unfit to go forth to fight the battle of life among strangers. He had finally concluded to place her under the care of his sister, Mrs. Tremont; and this morning, kissing her fair brow, he bade her good-by.

Minnie's heart was just ready to break, as her father and mother turned to leave her; but she succeeded in keeping back the tears which fain would have asked the sympathy of the world. She immediately retired to a room, where she might dwell upon her sorrows alone. The hour of dinner had well nigh arrived ere she could summon strength enough to descend to the presence of the family. It is true she had heretofore been treated kindly by her aunt and cousin, yet she felt an instinctive dread in seeing them now. But at length she brushed back her ringlets and descended to the parlor. Dinner was ready, and she was about to follow her aunt from the room, when that lady turned and said:

"Miss Craig, you may place my daughter's room in order while we are at dinner."

She left the room; and Minnie was petrified with astonishment. "What have I done that Aunt Maria should treat me thus?" And the poor child bowed her head upon her hands.

At last, dinner being over, the ladies returned to the parlor; they were much surprised to find "Miss Craig" had failed to do her duty. And Minnie received a sharp reprimand from her aunt. The timid girl could not say a word in defence of herself, so Mrs. Tremont rang the bell, and a domestic immediately entered.

"Here, Betsy," said she, "take this girl to the kitchen; teach her her duty there, as she seems unwilling to perform lighter tasks."

She followed the girl into the kitchen, where she was hereafter to be confined. She was to be instructed in many things, and especially was she charged *never* to call Mrs. Tremont "aunt," for now that she would be obliged to labor for a living, of course it would not do to claim so noble and high a family for relations. It is unnecessary, as well as perfectly impossible, to describe the feelings of this poor motherless one when she realized her situation. Her heart was broken—no wonder. She was seized with a brain fever, and long, long did she lay on that sick bed, to moan and sigh, enduring all her agony without one word of hope, one sympathizing friend to stand by her.

But we cannot endure to dwell longer upon this part of the picture. Let us draw a veil over it, and seat ourselves again in the large drawing-room; let us leave this miserable little attic for the elegantly-furnished parlor, and see what is going on there. Only another party; and see! there sits Lillie, the fairest of the fair, the brilliant belle of the company. The costly silks and jewels that adorn her person can scarce add a charm to her natural beauty of form and feature. She is seated at the piano; every eye rests upon her, and even her father seems pleased. An elegantly dressed gentleman is by her side, thumbing the piano and turning the leaves of her music-book with all the ease and grace for which his nation is famed. They call him the Count de Caime. The mother is now in her full glory; she sees her idolized Lillie—where?—surrounded by flattery (i. e. danger); she sees her worshipped by the gentlemen, envied by the ladies. What could better please her? This same French count is one of the greatest exquisites of the time, and reputed to be immensely rich! He is also said to have travelled much, and was about to return to his native land, when by chance he met with Miss Tremont. He is now detained simply by the love he bears the beautiful girl; surely, what could better gratify a mother's vanity—that is, such a mother as the one before us!

But there is another individual present whom we shall notice particularly, as he is somewhat concerned with our picture. It is Captain Dorance. Tall and well-proportioned, possessed of all that ease of manners which constitute a gentleman, added to which is that noble dignity of carriage and expression which marks an American. Indeed, we think him far superior in every respect, if we judge by appearance, to the Frenchman. He has naught of that *exquisite* politeness, or, rather, agreeable deception, about him; but there is an air of candor, of open-heartedness, that cannot fail to attract friends. While he is conversing with Mr. Tremont, his eyes rest upon Lillie, and the reader may imagine that *he*, if not *she*, is thinking upon old times.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tremont, the morning after the party, "did you notice the gentleman who was conversing with your father last night?"

"Why, he was introduced to me of course. I believe he is one of pa's old friends."

"Yes; but your attention was so taken up with the count, you scarce noticed him."

"Are you acquainted with his family?"

"No; but your father is; and it must be very respectable. He came with the cousins—the Fletchers,—and you know they are idolized."

"I do not like the name much," said Lillie, and her voice slightly trembled.

"Why not, my dear? What is there about the name of Dorance that should displease you?"

"O nothing, particularly, only—"

"Only what?" And the mother gave an inquiring glance at her daughter.

"I once had a lover by that name!"

"A lover *once*! When? You've been in society but a few weeks, and—"

"O, it was sometime ago; when I was at school."

"Oho! I understand you now. Practising a little flirtation, I suppose; but pray, why should that make it unpleasant?"

Lillie hesitated a moment, and then proceeded to tell her mother all that had passed between herself and Edgar Dorance at the boarding-school. When she had got through, her mother smiled at her earnestness, and said:

"Surely now, Lillie, you don't feel conscience-stricken for such a slight affair! Why, you must think no more of breaking a heart than of placing a curl, if you would be a successful belle."

"Of course not, mama; but then I hope he'll never come here again."

"What if he does; you can make the count doubly secure by rejecting one old lover for his sake."

Lillie turned to her piano, and commenced playing a lively air; yet any one could see that all was not right within.

"Upon my life!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Tremont, "there comes Lois and—yes, it is Abigail. What could have sent them here just at this time?"

Lillie looked from the window and saw that a carriage had really drawn up to the door, and that two ladies were getting out.

It was not long before Aunt Lois and Cousin Abigail, as we shall hereafter call them, were ushered into the presence of the dignified ladies of Tremont mansion. Aunt Lois was the wife of Mr. Tremont's only brother, and resided in Fairfield county, Connecticut. The family was regarded with that kind of abhorrence by the city relations which fashionables feel toward country cousins, etc. Nevertheless, Aunt Lois would visit her *dear brother and sister* as often as once a year to inquire after their health.

Will the reader be surprised to hear that this lady was just one of the kind of women who took more pride in cultivating the merits of their children, and more pains in leading them gently into the paths of wisdom and virtue, than in all the vain-glorious beau-catching and heart-breaking in the world; and yet she was a woman of taste. If you should go to old Fairfield now, and search the county through, you'd hardly find a house more elegantly furnished, a yard more tastefully arranged, or a library filled with better books, than the one owned by George Tremont, Esq.; for an air of tasteful elegance rests on every thing which has been arranged by Aunt Lois. Yet this very lady was unfortunate enough to love fun.

She never failed to put on the appearance of a counterfeit Yankee matron when she visited her dear brother and sister at Philadelphia; and any one who might see her here as a stranger would have thought she had acquired her substantial healthy proportions by the means of "pumpkin pies and gingerbread." Abigail was like her mother in disposition, and like her, a perfect lady in appearance—unless she chose to be something else. She was now about twenty-one, and very good looking. On the present occasion, she was dressed moderately and plainly in a dark gingham, while her mother wore a plain black silk. This was, perhaps, going too far; but Aunt Lois's motto always was, "my true friends—those who love me—will not care for my clothes."

"I never brought Abby down to the city but once afore, and perhaps she'll want some training, so as to know how to conduct afore the city folks," said Aunt Lois, a short time after they had arrived.

This was answered by a cold nod and a whispered "yes" from Mrs. Tremont, and the country sister continued:

"Here's little Lillie, she can go round with her; you needn't be afeared to trust 'em out, for I'll warrant ye, Abby can take care of her, while she—"

Here Mrs. T. indignantly interrupted her by exclaiming, "My daughter will have plenty of attendants if she wishes to walk."

"I dare say she can; but then you'd no need to trouble her pa about it, as long as she's acquainted with the city, and Abby wants to see it; she'll take care on 'er."

Mrs. Tremont could endure no more; so ringing a bell, she ordered a servant to show the ladies to their room.

If Mrs. Tremont was just ready to burst with rage, the ladies were quite as near it with laughing; and it was only with the greatest exertion that Abigail could refrain from "giggling" as the parlor door closed after them. When they had reached their room, she exclaimed:

"O what a vain woman Aunt Maria is. I think she is even more so than Lillie."

"I want you to do your best, Abigail, to keep up appearances; for I'm determined to teach them a lesson. Your uncle Frank has suffered enough for their foolishness."

Abigail smiled; and had the reader seen the twinkle of delight in her blue eye, they would feel that Mrs. Tremont and Lillie had not seen an end to their trouble yet.

"Hark! what is that?" said Aunt Lois, and she placed her ear to the keyhole of a door leading from her room.

"Surely, it is some one in distress," replied Abigail.

Aunt Lois tried the door, and found it unfastened. She opened it without hesitation, and both the ladies entered the room. There they found a bed—if bed it might be called—on which lay a poor young girl, tortured with pain and wild with delirium. They approached the spot, and Aunt Lois pressed her hand upon the brow of the invalid. The girl immediately opened her eyes and exclaimed:

"O mother, mother! I knew you would come! where is father?"

Tears came to the eyes of Abigail, but her mother motioned her to stand back. She then endeavored to quiet the poor sick one by kind words and by various kind acts, which a true-hearted woman knows how to use for the benefit of the sufferer. At length the poor girl fell asleep, when Aunt Lois, leaving Abigail to watch by the bedside, really found her way into the kitchen, where she procured some cold water and various other articles for the use of her patient. She said nothing to the domestics concerning what she had seen; but determined to inquire of her brother on the first opportunity. This she accordingly did, and was of course surprised to learn that it was Minnie Craig, Mrs. Tremont's niece. She thought she had seen her before, as she really had, but now the poor child was so emaciated, she scarcely resembled the fairy little Minnie of a year ago.

Every day, after this, Aunt Lois and Abigail would sit by the sick bed; and when the ladies in the parlor found it out, they merely said:

"Well, I'm glad of it. Perhaps it will keep them out of sight of our visitors."

"I declare, Miss Tremont, you look more bewitching than ever in that splendid head-dress."

This was the salutation of Captain Dorance, as he entered the parlor where sat Lillie and her mother. The ladies had learned by way of Mr. Tremont that this same Captain Dorance belonged to one of the wealthiest and most influential families of South Carolina; and is it to be wondered at that a few days should serve to make him one of their most intimate friends? The mother had even hinted to her daughter that it would be well to set him down on the list of lovers who might worship at her shrine.

"Why really, captain, you flatter me," replied Lillie.

"Not at all, Miss Tremont; but will you allow me the pleasure of seeing your cousin from Connecticut? I would like an introduction!"

"My cousin?" And Lillie turned pale.

"What cousin?" stammered out the mother. "Why, your friends from Connecticut."

"Really, sir, I don't understand you," was again replied.

"Excuse me, ladies, if I am mistaken; but I understood Mr. Tremont that his brother's wife and daughter were here."

Mrs. Tremont was about to reply, when in came Miss Abigail, who exclaimed:

"Pray, Aunt Maria, who is inquiring for mother and me?"

What was to be done now? Nothing short of an introduction would do, and Abigail seated herself by her aunt's side as composedly as if she had been at home; she talked freely with the captain, and was even vulgarly familiar. Her aunt and cousin sat biting their lips, and the latter, scarcely saying a word, went and seated herself at the other end of the room. Upon seeing this, Abigail immediately exclaimed:

"Why, cousin Lillie, I didn't know that you were so bashful!" Then rising, she went up to the captain and whispered loud enough to be heard all over the room, "You mustn't think nothin' of it, capting; she's young, you know—only eighteen." And then, without the least ceremony, she left the room, and running to the bottom of the stairs, called out loud enough to be heard into the parlor, "Mother, mother, come down here quick; there's a gentleman here as wants to see you." Then running back, she seated herself by her cousin's side. In a few moments Aunt Lois made her appearance. No sooner had she entered the room than Abigail jumped up, exclaiming:

"Mother, this is Captain Dorance, one of the smartest men I ever see; and I guess he's come to see Cousin Lillie."

Aunt Lois grasped him by the hand with "happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Capting Dorance, and if you git our little Lillie here you must come out and see the old place in Connecticut. I dare say she'd reckon of coming, only her pa's so full of business he can't fetch her."

"Thank you, madam, I hope I may have the pleasure of doing so; but really, it may not be so easy a matter to captivate your niece."

"O, as to cultivating her, she's got a purty good education now, I guess—as far as book-larnin's consarned,—and as to making pies and cakes, why my Abby here can larn her that in no time." And Aunt Lois stepped across the floor to Lillie's chair, saying, "Come, dear, dew play the capting a tune on the pianny; you do play so beautiful. Come, that's a duck!"

Lillie was about leaving the room, when her mother called to her. "Yes, my dear, give us a few tunes." Mrs. Tremont doubtless thought the music would be better than the voices of her relations; but the young lady thought it best to leave, so she paid no attention to her mother.

"Here, come back here, Lillie, child, you shouldn't disobey your mother so," exclaimed Aunt Lois; but Lillie went on to her room, where she locked herself up to cry over her mortifications.

"We've got an old pianny at home, one that George's sister left there, and Abby used to play some on that. Abby, go and try it."

The obedient daughter immediately seated herself at the instrument. The captain followed her, and was about to select a tune from the music book, when she suddenly cried, "Why, I declare, if you aint got a singin' book there; but I never play meetin' tunes." And she grabbed the sheets from his hand, throwing them across the room into her aunt's lap.

"Mother, what shall I play?"

"Can't you play 'Auld Lang Syne' the best?" replied the mother.

And Abby went to work. She thumbed away, getting the right notes about half the time, till she finally came to a full stop, exclaiming, "O dear, I'd rather do a week's washing say time!" And throwing herself back, fell against the centre-table with such force as to throw a Chinese flower vase on to the floor, breaking it into pieces.

"O, O, O!" she screamed.

The captain immediately helped her up, asking if she were hurt.

"O no; but it scared me so!" And looking disdainfully at the piano stool, she continued: "I forgot that high chair had lost its back."

Captain Dorance now withdrew amid the "good-by's" of Aunt Lois and Abigail; and they really hoped he would happen there again before they went home. Mrs. Tremont said nothing.

"He's a real nice man I should think," remarked Aunt Lois, after he was out of hearing.

No reply.

"And does he really come to see Cousin Lillie?" inquired Abigail.

"No!" growled Mrs. Tremont. And Aunt Lois and Abigail withdrew.

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"Really, Frank, I cannot stand it any longer!" said Mrs. Tremont, as she sat by her husband's side that night.

"What is wrong now, my dear?" coolly replied Mr. Tremont.

"I want you should send those miserable relations of yours home."

"Indeed, madam, I never turn my friends out of doors."

"You never did anything for the good of your family, yet," retorted the indignant wife; "but if you don't give them a hint, *I shall*."

"Act your pleasure," replied the husband.

Mrs. Tremont now went on to relate the mortifications of the day, and concluded by saying that Lillie had gone to her room and had done nothing but cry all the afternoon.

"Really," continued she, "I fear it will make her sick."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Tremont, "that one of my daughters is so foolish. As for Captain Dorance, if he really loves Lillie, this would make no difference."

Mrs. Tremont now began to fear a moral lecture; so rising, she left her husband, and immediately ascended to her daughter's room.

About a week after this, it was announced, to the great joy of Mrs. and Miss Tremont, that Aunt Lois and Abigail were about to leave them for home. And greater yet was their pleasure, when the former offered to take Minnie home with her. And as the carriage rolled away at a rapid rate, bearing from the mansion the "horrible visitors," the ladies could scarce refrain from crying—so great was their joy.

Captain Dorance and the French count were still constant visitors at the Tremont mansion. Balls and parties, flirtations and conquests, whirled away the time at a rapid rate, and spring at length arrived.

It is true, Captain Dorance had never really asked the hand of Lillie in marriage—yet she felt that the time was drawing near when he would do so. It is also certain that Count De Caime *had* proposed, and she had delayed giving him an answer, for she really liked the captain the best; and as *he* also was reputed to be rich, of course her choice lay between them. She hoped every day to have things brought to an issue, for she contemplated starting in a few weeks for the Springs, in company with her mother. Nor did she hope in vain. About three days before their intended departure, and while they were sitting alone in the parlor, a servant handed them a note. It was in a splendid hand, and directed to Lillie. She opened it; her eye rested on the name of Dorance. It was a plain offer of his heart and hand. She reread the note, then handing it to her mother, she exclaimed:

"What think you of *this?*"

Mrs. Tremont glanced over the note; then throwing it on to the carpet, replied:

"Of course, my love, you will not answer it."

The young lady smiled scornfully, and picking the paper up, twisted it into bits. Reader, would you like to know what the contents were? There was something in the letter to this amount:

"DEAR LILLIE:—Though I love you, and though I give you my undivided heart, I cannot offer you wealth! My father, it is true, is rich, but he wants to consists principally in such a kind of property as I care not to possess. Therefore, dear girl, I may only say I can support you in good style, but cannot add to your fortune; yet I feel that your noble nature will love me the better for the principles which make me poor."

Ah, this was the end of hope with him! But never mind—the *count* is on hand, and plenty of time to captivate a score besides; for only just think—she isn't nineteen yet!

Two years passed away, and yet Lillie is not married. She still continues the same bewitching beauty as before, or perhaps her riper age has added even another charm. To-night she has gone to join an assemblage of wealth and beauty, and leaving her to enjoy herself as best she may, we will again seat ourselves in the family parlor of the Tremont mansion. Mr. and Mrs. Tremont are the only occupants of the room.

"What makes you always look so grave, Frank?" remarked Mrs. Tremont. "Why don't you laugh and talk like other people when you are at home?"

"I do not always feel happy as you do, wife," replied he.

"But why should you not?" asked she.

He made no reply to this, but drawing himself up to the table, took up a book and commenced reading.

"O, husband, do put by that old book and talk to me."

He did as she requested, and commenced talking about the return of their youngest child, Susan.

"Pshaw! she would never enjoy herself here; better remain where she is, for by this time, she will be better fit for the companion of your niece Abigail, than to act the sister to Lillie."

Tremont made no reply to this, but if we are to judge by his looks, we should say he was not well pleased with the remark. They were both silent for a few moments, but at length he turned to her and said:

"Perhaps, wife, you will be glad of her assistance shortly, notwithstanding her awkwardness."

"What do you mean?" asked she, somewhat startled.

"I mean that I expect a failure!"

"Impossible!"

"It is nevertheless true."

"Explain yourself."

"Simply, then, the parties you have given your daughter, with the expenses at Saratoga for two summers past, in addition to some trifling failures of my own, have broken me down."

How did the fashionable Mrs. Tremont receive this? Did she put her arms around the neck of her husband and say—"Well, Frank, if we're unfortunate in losing our property, we are happy in the possession of each other and our children. Don't be discouraged, dear husband—we'll have a home yet?" No, indeed. But I will draw a veil over the scene that followed.

The next day, she disclosed to her daughter all she had learned the night previous, and advised her by all means to secure the count before the failure became known. Parties were given to keep up appearances, all the splendors imaginable were displayed to the greatest advantage, and in less than four weeks the beautiful Lillie became the wife of Count De Caime, and embarked for Paris.

After the departure of her darling child, it was to be expected that Mrs. Tremont would feel the want of company. Her husband was none for her, or rather he was a continual pest—an eye-sore. Scarce a day passed without his hearing of the hundred thousand dollars, and if he ventured a reply, he was sure to receive such a torrent of abuse as would contribute to anything but happiness and love. It is not to be wondered at that he longed more and more, every day, for the presence of his favorite child Susan. Yet he expected if she did come, her mother would hate and abuse her for his sake. At length, however, the trial was made. A lovelier day never dawned than the one on which the fair girl was to return to the home of her infancy, after an absence of nine years. She felt the deepest regret at leaving her aunt, but her father called for her presence, and she must obey. She loved her father with all the depth and purity of her guileless heart, but her mother had been almost as a stranger to her. Indeed, Mrs. Tremont had never written a single letter to Susan, nor had she seen her during her long absence.

It was about sunset when she arrived at her father's residence. She did not stand for ceremony, but running into the parlor, threw her arms about her mother's neck with all the tenderness of a favorite child. To her great surprise, her mother returned the caress. This melted Susan's heart entirely, and falling at her mother's feet, she exclaimed:

"O, dear mother, I will always be your friend—I will always stand by you, nor forsake you!"

"What can you do, child?" replied the mother; but Susan heeded not the cold words.

The reader may imagine the different aspect which things assumed at the Tremont mansion, when the bankruptcy of its proprietor became generally known. Mrs. Tremont had labored hard to keep her situation from the sight of the public, but all things must be known sometime. And the proud lady—who had heretofore placed herself in fashionable society, with "fine raiment" for a foundation—where is she now? Alas! the foundation is taken from under her feet, and she beholds her halls neglected—deserted—by all except those she once despised. These, and these alone, now remain to comfort her. The merry, musical laugh of Susan, as she moves lightly from room to room, cannot but scatter some of the clouds. And even Captain Dorance is an acceptable visitor. Although he met with a cold repulse from Lillie, his intimacy with Mr. Tremont had not ceased; and he even calls on the ladies, for he finds Susan is excellent company. And when he sits by her side, talking of foreign lands he has visited, or reading to her from some useful volume, we almost imagine that an affection is springing up—not such an one, indeed, as may be blasted by the word *poverty*—but we will see.

The mother, strange to say, breathes not a word against all this. She now discovers that Captain Dorance is a man of good feelings, and if he isn't rich, why Susan is no better off! Perhaps she will never make a better match. Mr. Tremont is at home but very little, yet his wife does not know why he is absent. She never asks him if he has met with any new difficulty, or what it is that keeps him from home. That's nothing to her, of course; it's enough to know her own troubles.

Days, weeks and months pass by, and the idea of moving is suggested. This she would be glad to do, it is so mortifying to remain where people know her; but then to take a smaller, or a plainer house, is out of the question. It cannot be that Frank, after he has spent her money, should think of putting her into a hovel *now!* But at length she finds that go she must—for although Susan has filled the place of the servants, and though all unnecessary expense has been spared, the house has passed into new hands, and they must leave it. At last an idea is hit upon. George Tremont has offered his brother's wife and daughter a home, while Frank is trying to secure at least an humble one for their future wants.

Mrs. Tremont receives the invitation joyfully, and has already set the day when herself and daughter are to commence their journey to Connecticut Farms, to take up their residence with her husband's "miserable relations."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Tremont, a few days before they were to leave, "how comes on your business with the captain? I presume you are engaged."

Susan blushed, but made no reply until the question was repeated.

"Why, mother, he has proposed, and I have referred him to my father."

"Bravo, my girl! But how long before you are to be married?"

"Some time, I presume. You know I am young yet."

"Not so very—you are eighteen."

"I think twenty-one is quite young enough to marry," replied the daughter.

"Fie, *you* cannot expect to make conquests, and it would be foolishness to trifle with Dorance now."

"Indeed, mother, I do not intend to. I love him too well for that."

Mrs. Tremont gave one of those disdainful looks so natural to her, and continued:

"But surely, Susan, you don't intend to live single three years longer. Why, what will you do with yourself?"

"I have engaged myself for one year at least," replied Susan.

"Engaged yourself? how?" inquired the mother, somewhat surprised.

"As a teacher."

"A teacher!"

"Yes, for by this means I can support myself, besides laying up something with which to assist my father."

"My child, you are dreaming. Are you not going with me to Connecticut?"

"By no means, dear mother. My duty would not allow of it."

"Then I am to stay alone?"

"O, you'll not be alone, mother, for if Aunt Lois is as good as she appears, I'm sure you'll love her."

Mrs. Tremont gave another scornful look, as she replied:

"La! she may be good enough, but she will never be company for me."

"And then, mother," continued Susan, "you will have Lillie's letters to read—they will be a consolation."

The conversation was now interrupted, for the dinner hour had arrived, and father, mother, daughter and lover seated themselves around the board, while the cheerful looks and pleasant tones of the latter served to banish feelings otherwise unpleasant.

It was a fine morning in the month of September, when Mrs. Tremont bade farewell to her husband and daughter, and commenced her journey to Connecticut. She appeared unusually cheerful this morning, yet I would not have my reader suppose she was happy. No—she had spent too many years in cultivating those qualities of the benefit of which she is now deprived. She knows nothing—hears nothing—sees nothing in nature calculated to elevate her mind, or make her happy. Her thoughts were never placed on such "coarse things," and when she gets to the old farm, I doubt her knowing the difference between starlight and lamplight; and likely enough she'll think the moon, if she should happen to see it, is one of the lamps of her native city—strung up for her especial benefit—unless Aunt Lois should tell her the difference.

But we will leave her to herself for the present, and seek the side of Susan and her father. He is behind the counter of an old friend, acting as head clerk, while the daughter is surely enough teacher of a select school in the city. Health blooms on her cheeks, and intelligent kindness beams from her eyes. The very atmosphere around her is cheerfulness. It is true, her delicate frame sometimes finds itself almost unequal to the task imposed; yet the object of her labor, her father's good, strengthens her hand and prepares her for all difficulties. And when at night she hastens to join her father at their boarding-place, she is happy. Well might he be proud of *her;* but what would the bewitching Lillie have done here?

But what has become of Captain Dorance? He has entered business with the same man who gives Mr. Tremont employment, and often will the father and daughter welcome him to their social fireside on the evenings of the coming winter. This is indeed a joy to Susan; a true affection is formed between the two—an affection which has grown from principle and feeling. The evenings are spent in reading, or in other ways of social improvement.

"Father," said Susan one night, when he had returned from the store, "I have got a letter from mother—will you read it?"

Tremont took the letter; he had not read far, however, when a smile lighted up his features, as he exclaimed:

"I thought she would see the difference!"

It seems the letter was written some two or three weeks after Mrs. Tremont had reached her brother-in-law's. It stated her extreme surprise at finding everything in such good taste, and that Lois was really one of the most accomplished women she ever saw; and though she could not consider the country so pleasant as the city and its society, yet she enjoyed herself very well. Abigail had become the wife of a distinguished gentleman of New Haven; and *her niece*, Minnie, was really a very beautiful girl. She found considerable fault with her husband, however, for allowing his friends to deceive her so.

"I am glad your mother is so well satisfied," remarked Mr. Tremont to Susan, when he had finished the perusal.

"Yes," replied she; "but what does she mean by being deceived?"

Tremont then related the whole story of "the visit" to his daughter, as we have already done for the reader.

"And now," added he, "I have a secret to tell you."

Susan expressed her willingness to hear, and he proceeded.

"I have hopes of recovering our lost fortunes."

"How?" exclaimed Susan.

"If I can raise twenty thousand dollars, I can redeem the whole. A friend has offered his assistance, and I think I shall succeed."

"You are not certain, then?"

"Not exactly; and we had better keep what we know as a secret—for the present, at least."

Susan, of course, was much delighted with the new hopes which had sprung up, but she intended to keep her word in regard to secrecy—not even telling her friend Captain Dorance. With a lighter heart and a stronger hand, she proceeded to school on the next day—determined to be prepared for the future, let it bring what it would.

The winter has passed away, and spring has come again. It is Saturday evening, and Susan Tremont is alone in her room. The little table is spread for tea, and seems to be waiting. Susan is watching for some one. There she sits, just as she has done for an half hour, gazing anxiously from the little window which overlooks the street, as if some heavy load were weighing upon her heart. At length she rises, and hastily runs to the hall door.

"Heaven prepare me for the worst!" cried she, as she left the room.

She opened the front door, and her father entered. She looked at him inquiringly, but he said not a word. His face was very pale, and she feared all was over. She trembled lest their prospects were all perished—their last bright hopes dashed to the ground. Tremont immediately ascended to his room, followed by his daughter, who placed a seat for him by the window, that he might enjoy the cool breeze.

"My child, we are saved! all is right!" at length he exclaimed.

Susan answered not, but embracing him, burst into a flood of tears. Yes, all was right—their property retrieved—and Tremont mansion would again be their home, and her parents would be happy!

Three months have passed away. The Tremont family have again returned to their splendid mansion, and no one would think, as he passed by the door, that it had ever seen neglect. Now, all the dear family friends—that is, all the fashionable city acquaintances—are calling continually. Parties have been given, just as if nothing had ever happened, and now, dear reader, you may call Mrs. Tremont a happy woman.

"But where is your daughter?" asked one of the many city exquisites, who had made a point of calling frequently for a few weeks past, and who had taken much pains to ingratiate himself in the favor of the mother of Susan.

"I believe she's in the library with her father," replied Mrs. Tremont.

"How very retired she is," replied the fop. "Indeed, she is a perfect gem of modesty!"

While the two are thus conversing about our fair friend, we will take a look into the library and see what she is doing.

"My dear girl," said the father, as he laid his hand affectionately on her head, "Captain Dorance has returned from the south, after an absence of six months; he has just learned of our success in regaining our own, but he fears he will be received no more as your suitor."

Susan blushed deeply.

"Father, I do not understand you."

"He thinks, my dear, that you will scorn his poverty now that you have wealth."

"O, father, how can you be so cruel—how can *he*, as to think me thus false-hearted?"

"But you must remember, my child, that the power is now yours to select from the many who can give you additional wealth."

"But the power is not in my heart, father, and what are all the splendors of sordid gold to me, in comparison with the love of one noble heart?"

"But hear me, child; it would sorely displease your mother, should you wed this man."

"My mother is a cold and selfish woman—forgive me for saying this, father, but I cannot help it."

"Susan, think of the deprivations you must meet with, if you become his wife—"

"Speak not of those, father—am I not able to meet them?"

Tremont clasped his daughter to his heart.

"You are indeed a true-hearted woman!" exclaimed he, at length. "You are one whom I am proud to own as a daughter. Here, Edgar, take my child—take the treasure from my own hand; she is yours!"

Susan looked up, and was not a little surprised to see Captain Dorance before her. It was not until the first ecstacy at meeting was over, that she learned that he had stood concealed in the little recess ever since she entered the room, and had heard all the conversation between herself and father.

The chagrin of Mrs. Tremont was deep indeed, when she learned how affairs had turned with her daughter. She blamed her husband for encouraging either Dorance or Susan, after he had found out that their pecuniary affairs brightened. And when Tremont tried to pacify her by reason, she would answer:

"Yes, indeed! I managed the love affair of Lillie's, and she is now a wealthy countess; while this graceless hussy has dared to have her own way, and you have encouraged her in it. But you'll see how it will come out! They'll both be beggars, for she shall never have a cent from here, if she does marry him!"

If he undertook to remonstrate to this, her reply universally was:

"A hundred thousand dollars isn't picked up every day, and I tell you, Frank, she shall never have a cent of that!"

But the wedding day was set, and all the efforts of the imperious woman could not delay it.

Weeks flew by, and soon the day arrived. Not into a splendid apartment, brilliantly lighted and adorned, to see a company selected from the *ton* of Philadelphia, assembled to witness the solemn and interesting ceremony, shall we be ushered! In one of the private parlors, are five or six individuals seated around the room. They seem to be particular friends—not fashionable, but true ones. There sit Uncle James and Aunt Maria, Uncle George and Aunt Lois, Mr. Tremont and the venerable and revered minister. But Mrs. Tremont is not there. No—she could never see her house thus disgraced! Every sound is hushed, and a degree of solemnity rests upon the company. At length the door opens, and the couple enter. Surely Captain Dorance is a noble looking man, and Susan is as perfect a picture of innocence and sweetness as was ever seen!

"Well, I'm glad they're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Tremont, the morning after the wedding. "Indeed, I never wish to see them again!"

"How can you talk so, Maria?" replied her husband. "Surely, you must have some feelings of the mother left."

"Not for her, the disgraceful thing!" and Mrs. Tremont angrily left the room.

Captain Dorance had started on that morning with his bride, for the south.

As Mr. Tremont walked towards his counting-room, he seemed to be deeply buried in thought. Was he thinking of the selfishness and vanities of his wife, or of the dear one from whom he had just parted? Perhaps he was contrasting the difference between his present wealth and recent poverty. If he was, he must have come to the conclusion that when he dwelt at the little inn, in company with his loving daughter, he enjoyed himself much better than now, when he must return, after a day of hard labor, to a cold mansion, and seat himself to a sumptuous table beside a wife whose soul was thoroughly encrusted by selfishness and vanity.

About a week after the departure of Susan, Mr. and Mrs. Tremont were entertaining a large company in one of their front parlors, when a servant entered, stating that Mrs. Tremont was wanted immediately in another room. That lady arose with great dignity, and after various polite ceremonies, left the room. It was not many minutes before another servant entered, stating that Mrs. Tremont was seriously indisposed, and could not see company again that evening. The visitors therefore departed, and Mr. Tremont hurried to the side of his wife. What a spectacle there met his eye! Mrs. Tremont had sunk upon a chair, and was just able to point towards the lounge, as her husband entered, and exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, look there!"

He looked in the direction to which she pointed, and beheld the form of a woman stretched upon the lounge—pale, emaciated and in rags.

"Tell me—O, tell me, is it so?" again cried his wife.

"It is Lillie!" exclaimed Tremont; and he stretched out his arms just in time to save his wife from falling to the floor.

He ordered the attendants to carry her to her room, and then approached the form upon the lounge.

"Lillie!" said he; "Countess De Caime, what means this?"

"O, speak not that hateful name!" groaned the woman, as she opened her sunken eyes upon her father.

"O tell me, my child, what has brought you to this?" said the father, as he stood by his daughter's side.

She succeeded, at length, in giving him an explanation, which was as follows: The count had started with her for Paris, immediately after the marriage, where he had remained till within a few months, when he had returned to New York. He there learned of her father's bankruptcy. Disappointed in his expectations of accumulating wealth by means of his wife, he had confessed to her his real name and character, and then deserted her to her fate. The count had turned out to be a regular impostor and fortune-hunter from New York! She was thrown upon a bed of sickness by this terrible disclosure.

"I had lain for seven long weary months upon a sick bed, enduring agonies I could not describe, without one friend to comfort me—deprived even of the privilege of writing to those who could protect me. I rejoiced when they took my babe from my arms, to lay it in the grave. But thank God," continued she, when she had summoned strength to speak again, "thank God, that he has permitted me to come home to die!"

Deep were the feelings of that father, as he bent over the form of his ruined and degraded child. She had sown the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind. Who but the proud and weak mother had sown the wind!

The next morning, the clouds of sorrow hung heavily over the Tremont mansion, and the mother, as she gazed on the cold and haggard features of her daughter's corpse, wept bitterly when she realized the bitter dregs of the cup she had quaffed. But how terrible the experience! And when, forty-eight hours afterward, Dorance and Susan arrived, this mother could take her surviving daughter by the hand, and as she led her to the side of the dead Lillie, could say:

"Thank God, you have escaped such a fate!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The power of abstracting one's thoughts from outward things has been possessed by some great thinkers to an extraordinary degree. It is related of Socrates that at Potidæa he spent a day and night standing in one place and position! La Fontaine was so given to abstraction that he did not know his own son when introduced to him. When his mind was thus occupied, his body was nothing more than a machine. Madame De Bruillon, going one day to Versailles, found him in the morning meditating under a tree in the park. On returning in the evening he was still in the same spot, and even in the same attitude, although it was very cold, and the rain had been falling all day. This absence of mind sometimes gives rise to amusing incidents.

One such anecdote is related of Moliere, whose reveries were much like those of La Fontaine. Having one day hired a sedan chair to take him to the theatre, and being in great haste, he was so annoyed at the slow movements of the carrier, that he in his impatience leaped out, and began *to push the vehicle?* Nor in his abstraction was he aware of what he was doing, until aroused by the peals of laughter which came from the man to whose aid he had come, in order to quicken his speed.—*Portland Advertiser.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY SISTER.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"O stay, before the fiat's spoke,
And strike the lyre for me!"
Annie, the very accents choke
Where'er I sing of thee.
My sister, I remember once,
A dancing little sprite;
Whose head o'ercurled with amber waves,
Whose eyes o'erbeamed with light;

Whose brow before the lily paled,
Cheeks, blushed before the rose;
Whose breath was perfume on the gale,
Whose teeth were pearly rows;
Whose witch-of-a-dancing joyous self
Ran waltzing everywhere;
And that same sprightly little elf
Was very like you, dear.

It makes me sad to sing to you,
Sweet sister, for I know
I never could my duty do;
I'm always fast or slow,
Too cold or prond—polite or queer;
Too—*train sous ma comprennez,*
Ma chere; je ne suis une bonne sœur;
I're brought you up so funny!

Not knowing myself just how to act,
I never yet could teach you;
Nevertheless it is a fact
You're a sweet little creature;
And you have made up quite as well
As if you'd been tormented
With all the rigmaroles they tell
Have lately been invented.

I'm gazing on thee, sister, now,
And peering in the future;
Methinks I view around thy brow
A wreath, the trio, richer.
Our brother it was our country's flag
In gallant circles o'er us:
Poverty never 'll let me lag—
So I will join the chorus!

Renown and poetry! now you
Shall have a guardian better.
Ma foi! I hope you're not a *fowe,*
To be decoyed by glitter;
Or, for a moment, think that we
Who labor hard for glory,
Would not sit down contentedly
To ease and quiet's story!

I see thee—Eve-like, gentle, mild—
A glorious type of woman!
Bird-like above heaven—thou darling child,
Love something that is—human.
And let thy wreath of love entwine
A noble shrine and worthy;
When time shall pledge thee in old wine—
"Content o'ermasters glory!"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

KATE WILLIAMS was an orphan. Her mother had been dead many years, while her father had left her more recently. He, the father, had been a sea-captain, and when he died he left his two children with all his wealth, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. The other child was a son, named Frank, and older by some five years than was Kate, she being twenty, and he five-and-twenty. Frank was away. He had been travelling through Europe, but was expected home, when we introduce our story, in a very few weeks, if not days. The two children still retained the house and lands which their father had bought and occupied. It was a splendid mansion, within a few rods of the shore, overlooking the broad Atlantic. It was a romantic spot, and the heirs had been offered great prices for it; but they had no desire to sell their old house. There were a few neighbors close by, and at the distance of about a mile was quite a village.

Kate Williams was a noble-hearted, generous girl, and everybody who knew her called her handsome. And so she was. She was none of your drawing-room ornaments, but a substantial individual, full of life and power, and realizing that she was one of a class who had work to do. She was a modest, pure being, but not one of your demure, downcast sort. She carried her virtue in her soul, and her purity in her thoughts; and her laugh was never so loud and joyous as when others could share in her happiness. Her eyes were gray, but a bright, handsome gray, full of light and intelligence; and her hair was light, almost too light for brown, and yet too dark for golden hair—though when the sun shone on it, the golden hues were rich and predominant. Her features were full and round, with dimples wherever a smile could rest, and glowing with the ruddy hue of health.

Is it a wonder that Kate Williams should be loved? Why, everybody loved her; but then there were two individuals who loved her very dearly—or, at least, who swore they did. The first was John Glancey. He was a young man, four-and-twenty, and a lawyer by profession, having been practising in the neighboring village for about two years. He was a good looking man; tall, straight and well-formed; with black hair and eyes, and possessing a proud, and at times overbearing spirit. He was not a liberal-minded man, but of this Kate knew not.

The second was Harry Winship. He was a year younger than Glancey, and by profession a physician, having been in practice in the village just two years. He was not so tall as his rival, and not so proud looking. His hair was light brown, and his eyes gray; and his looks owed more to the expression of his features than to their formation. He was not so much bowed to as was Glancey. A man, or a woman, would bow very politely to the lawyer; and then, in a moment afterwards, should they meet the physician, they would grasp his hand and smile. Glancey's clients respected him very much. Winship's patients *loved him* very much. This was the difference between the two men.

Now Kate Williams knew that both these men loved her, but as yet she had not chosen between them. They were both good men, she thought, and so far she had only allowed them the privileges of passing friends. She had not one particle of the coquette in her—not one thought of it. She meant to make her choice and adhere to it. While she was thus pondering, a circumstance transpired which influenced her, as we shall see in the sequel.

In the village lived a young female—a married woman—named Bolton. Her husband was away on business. One day Dr. Winship was called on to visit her. He examined her carefully and was not a little startled upon finding that she was actually suffering from delirium tremens. Her constitution was naturally frail, and the excessive use of rich wines had brought her down. He stated the case to the old nurse just as it was, and gave very rigid orders concerning the treatment she must receive.

In a few days after this the story of Mrs. Bolton's strange sickness got spread over the town, and when people were asked how they knew, they replied that Doctor Winship had said so. The truth was, the old nurse had done all the mischief. The story soon reached the ears of John Glancey. Mrs Bolton was his own sister, a fact of which Winship had no knowledge. The young lawyer called upon the doctor at once. The latter would have received him cordially, but the former repelled all familiarity.

"Dr. Winship, did you say that my sister had been a drunkard?"

"*Your* sister, sir?"

"Ay, Sarah Bolton is my sister."

"Ah, I was not aware of that."

"Never mind. She was a female, and as such demanded your sympathies. Did you circulate the story, sir?"

"No, sir, I did not. I was called to see the woman, and I found her suffering under the influence of delirium tremens; and I explained the matter to the nurse so that she might know how to proceed. I have not opened my lips upon the subject to any other person, save, when I have been questioned upon the subject; and then I replied that as a physician I never answered such questions."

"Exactly," returned the lawyer, with some anger. "Such answers are enough to curse the character of any person, for they simply bid the questioner to surmise what he pleases. But, as you acknowledge, the story did originate with you, and is traced back through the nurse to your lips. Now I wish you to publicly dispute the thing."

"How, sir?" uttered Harry, with astonishment, "give the lie to my own professional decision? make myself responsible for the mischief of a tattling old nurse? No, sir."

"But remember, sir: The woman is my sister, and her station in society is such that this story will do her much harm."

"I am sorry, sir, very sorry; but I am not to blame. Three months ago I visited Mrs. Bolton, professionally, and at that time I warned her of this. You can do as you please with the story, but I can do nothing. Mrs. Bolton must suffer the same penalty for the violation of natural laws that others suffer. And she must suffer the same from the laws of our social fabric."

"Do I understand, sir, that you will not retract?"

"Retract? I have nothing to retract."

"I wish you to publicly announce, upon your own responsibility, that the story of Mrs. Bolton's having the delirium tremens is false."

"I cannot do it, sir," returned the young doctor, proudly. "Had I circulated the story I should have been much to blame; but I only gave the nurse such information as was absolutely necessary for her to do her duty. I trust you will see this in its true light."

"Doctor Winship, once more I ask you—will you retract this statement?"

"Hold. What statement do you mean?"

"That Mrs. Bolton had the delirium tremens."

"I never made such a statement. I simply stated to the nurse that Mrs. Bolton was suffering from the effects of over-indulgence in food and drink."

"Will you make the public statement I have demanded?"

"No, sir—I cannot."

"Very well," said the lawyer, as he turned away, "you shall hear from me again."

On the next day Harry Winship received a challenge from Glancey to mortal combat. The doctor sat down and wrote in reply that he could never be urged into the commission of a crime of such folly and wickedness as he considered duelling to be.

On the day following, the doctor received a second note in which Glancey informed him that he should be posted as a coward if he did not fight. To this Harry replied that he had too much courage to barter the integrity of his soul for the sake of a perverted and morbid public opinion. He was the coward who dared not refuse to do an evil deed.

After this the lawyer posted the doctor as a coward, and the latter soon found that he was shunned by many who had before sought his company. But the most cutting of all was a note which he received from Kate Williams. She informed him that he would please her by never presuming to approach her as a friend again. Nor did she leave him in the dark. She plainly told him that the friendship between them had been of that kind which must either ripen into the holiest affection of earth, or be nipped in the bud. She could not cast her lot with one at whom the *finger of scorn* could be pointed, so she would see him no more.

Harry was for awhile utterly miserable. He loved the fair girl deeply and truly, and to lose her thus struck a pang to his soul that created a torture the most intense. But on the next day he mastered calmness enough to write an answer to Kate's note. He first informed her of the love she had crushed, and then he touched upon the subject of the trouble between himself and John Glancey. First he explained the whole case, from first to last, of Mrs. Bolton's sickness, and of the lawyer's visit to him. Then he gave his opinion upon the practice of duelling. It was a noble, generous opinion. And then he informed her that he would much rather suffer the unmerited reproach of those who now presumed to scorn him, than to pass through life with the blood of a fellow being upon his hands, or to meet his God direct from the suicidal duel. He closed by calling down the choicest blessings upon her head, and bidding her adieu forever!

Kate Williams sat in her boudoir when Harry's letter was handed to her, and she broke the seal with a slight curl of contempt upon her ruby lips. But as she read her countenance changed; and when she had finished she wept outright. Had Harry been at her side at that moment, she would have rested upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her. But he was not there. She read the letter again, and then she wept more than before. She refused to see any company during the remainder of the day.

Had Kate Williams followed the instinct of her own pure soul she would have recalled Harry to her side at once, but she was governed by the opinions of others. Her father had been a warm-hearted, impetuous man, and had fought one duel; and from that father she had received the peculiar idea of chivalrous honor. Naturally proud and tenacious of her honor as a woman, she felt a chill at the thought of being united for life to one who could be called a coward. In her soul she knew that Harry had done no absolute wrong, but still, perhaps he was afraid to fight. "They will tell me," she said to herself, "that my husband will never have the courage to defend his wife's honor."

O, had she known Harry Winship truly, she could have justly said: "Woe to the living being that dares insult that man's wife, either by word or deed!" But she did not know. The cloud was upon her soul, and she blew it not away.

And so Harry Winship suffered—Kate suffered—and John Glancey believed he had crushed his opponent, and that the lovely heiress would be his wife.

The morning was dark, lowery and chill; and ere long the wind began to howl among the rocks and bluffs. Great drops of rain began to fall, and the sea became covered with foam, as the waves rose and lashed the shore in fury. Louder and louder grew the crash of the elements, and the wild sea grew more furious.

Kate Williams was pale and agitated, for she knew that her brother must be near the coast. She had received the information from the captain of a clipper which had run in ahead of the heavily loaded ship on board which her brother had taken passage.

The storm increased in power during the day, and towards the middle of the afternoon many people had assembled on the little beach below Kate's residence to view the terrible grandeur of the scene. Half a mile from the shore was a huge rock, over which the mad sea now leaped with giant power; and still further out was a low ledge which commenced at a point not far from the beach and extended out two miles into the sea in a semicircular form, the outer end bending to the southward, and being nearly opposite the little beach.

It was about six o'clock when one of the men who had come up to the mansion, discovered a hulk upon the sea at some distance in the offing. He took the spy-glass, and soon made her out to be a heavy ship, with her masts gone, and lying directly in the trough of the sea.

"*Lost! Lost! O, God!*" So uttered Kate as she received the intelligence of the position of the dismasted ship. "It must be the Vulcan, for no other ship would be this way! O, he is lost!"

Various were the words of consolation offered to the afflicted maiden. John Glancey was by her side, and with his arms about her fair form he bade her hope.

The night settled down dark and drear over the mad waters, and the storm abated not at all. The vivid lightning streamed through the heavens, and the loud thunder roared in the black vault. Ere long another sound came booming upon the air. It was the report of a heavy gun! At intervals of about a minute the gun was heard, and at length a crowd was collected upon the beach.

For nearly half an hour there had been no lightning, but now the vivid flash lighted up the heavens once more, and a cry of horror went up from the anxious watchers, for the ship could be plainly seen just driving towards the outer end of the long reef!

"They are lost now!" uttered an old man, who leaned heavily upon his staff. "If the ship strikes that reef she must go to pieces there, and no earthly power can help them!"

Kate Williams heard these words.

"O, sir," she cried, "I have a life-boat here! Could not some one go out in that?"

"Ah, Kate Williams, in your agony you forget the stern facts of the case. No man could live in such a sea. You can find no man here who would dare undertake such a task."

Kate's heart sank within her as she turned away. The rain had ceased falling now, and 'twas only the spray that dashed over the shivering forms upon the beach. In a few moments more the lightning streamed through the heavens again, and the cry of horror went up loud and long. The ship had struck!

"Poor fellows!" uttered the old man, "'tis all over with them now! The ship must soon go to pieces there!"

Kate gathered her shawl about her and rushed towards the spot where the life-boat had been hauled down.

"God help him now!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony. "O, Frank! Frank! my brother! Will no one go? Mr. Glancey, can you not find some stout man to go out in this boat? O, with this boat once there he might be saved!"

"Be calm, my dear Kate," urged the lawyer, taking her by the hand. "No mortal man would dare venture out there. Death stands too near at hand."

As he ceased speaking the flame of heaven glared out again; and the ship still hung upon the rocks with the sea beating furiously over her.

"Hallo! Hallo-o-o!" at this moment shouted a clear, ringing voice above the clash of the elements. "Where is the life-boat? Where is it?"

"Here—here—right by the little pier," answered a man.

"Then cut it loose! Away with it!" shouted the same voice in reply; and on the next moment Harry Winship came rushing to the spot where the crowd had gathered about the life-boat. The light from the lanterns shone in his face, and he looked like a giant at that moment. He had thrown off his coat, and placed a close oil-cloth cap upon his head.

"In the name of mercy," he cried, "why is not this boat off?"

"Would you rush on to certain death?" spoke the old man, who had followed Kate hither.

"Rush on to death!" repeated Harry, quickly. "There are a score of men in yonder ship looking death in the face, and shall we see them die thus, and not put forth a hand? No! When I am in cast off the line!"

"But you cannot pull the boat against this sea, young man."

"Then let some one come and help me!—What—none? Then these arms shall do all they can. They can but fail."

With these words Harry leaped into the boat and caught the oars which were secured in the row-locks. A projecting promontory shielded the spot where the boat lay, so that there was no difficulty in pushing off. With all his power the noble youth bent himself to the work. He had passed the stay-belt about his waist, so that the sea could not wash him away.

In a few moments the life-boat and its occupant were lost in the darkness. There was one heart upon that beach beating prayerfully for him; but he knew it not. He had not seen Kate. He had just arrived when he saw the ship upon the reef, and uttered the cry we heard.

The next flash gleamed a moment on the water. The boat was upon the top of a huge sea, and the youth was working with all his might. Down, down, the frail bark sank—a deep murmur of prayer upon the shore—and then all was dark again. Anon the heavens glowed again.

"God help him!" murmured a quivering voice. 'Twas Kate's, and her hands were tightly clasped.

Again and again the lightning came, and at each time the struggling boat was nearer to the ship. The boat was very light, and the strength which now propelled it was almost superhuman. At length the frail boat was seen directly under the stern of the ship, and some thought they saw a line thrown from the high deck.

"By heavens!" uttered the old man, "he knows how to handle that boat. He knows just where to pull, and just where he may rest."

"Ay," answered another, "he was brought up in a boat."

"So was I," resumed the old man, "but I never could have done that."

It lightened again, but no boat could be seen. Nearly an hour had now passed since the boat left the beach; and during that hour the noble doctor had labored with all his might.

Again, and again the glare of the heavens spread over the sea, and at length the life-boat was seen once more. It was coming towards the land!

"*'Tis full of men!*"

A giant sea arose close upon the beach, and upon it was the life-boat. On, on—one more roll—one heavy throe, and the huge sea broke upon the sand, and the boat was thrown high up upon the shore; and on the next moment living men began to leap from it. They turned, as they gained the hard footing, and lifted from the boat an inanimate form. It was Harry Winship, weak and faint.

"Frank! Frank! O, is my brother here?"

"Ho, my own Kate! God bless you, my sister!"

And on the instant a tall, stout, sea wet man clasped the now fainting girl to his bosom.

* * * * *

The morning sun rose bright and clear, and many people came down to the shore of the sea to view the scene. The reef was clear now, and on the beach lay all that was left of the noble ship. Here and there it was cast—one shapeless, separated mass of fragments.

But in the mansion above there is a brighter scene. Eight-and-twenty living souls are there, who were last night upon the deck of the ship. Not one was lost—not one! And the saviour, too, was up. He was safe and unharmed—only weak and exhausted still. He had reached the ship—received a line and secured it—and then he sank down senseless and powerless. Every nerve and every muscle had been strained to its utmost. Frank Williams—noble, generous Frank, looking in feature like his sister—had blessed him a thousand times, and all the rest had joined him.

Towards the middle of the day Harry had gone out into the library and sat down. The confusion of the party made his head ache. He had been there a few minutes when the door opened, and Kate entered. She stood before him a single moment, and then she sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her hands clasped towards him.

"Forgive me! O, forgive me!" she cried. "Forgive me, Harry, and place me in your heart once more! Forget what I said! O, forget and forgive!"

Ah, that scene was brightest of all. Half an hour afterwards, Frank found his sister, for whom he had been searching, in Harry's arms. She was happy now.

May we not suppose that John Glancey's standard of bravery sank very low after this in the estimation of those who knew all the circumstances? And everybody in the town did know them. People now knew which was the true hero; and they began to understand that a coward can be lashed into exposing his life, by anger and a desire for revenge—but a true man, never.

Before the snows of winter came, John Glancey, Esquire, left for the nearest city, while Harry Winship went to the sea-side mansion and became the brother-in-law of Frank Williams.

The poor man has health, a good appetite, and sleeps soundly at night. The rich man has his cares, his headaches, and his heart aches; and if the sum of human enjoyment could be exactly measured by some sort of moral thermometer, we should find that real happiness is pretty equally distributed, and that there is little cause for any man to repine at his own lot, or envy that of his neighbor.

Jester's Picnic.

One Irishman hiring a horse from another, agreed to pay him five shillings a day, and to have him for two days, but he did not return before the third.

"Good morning Mr Henbree here is your horse and a very good one he is, too," said the Irishman, and then turned to go.

"Stop," said Henbree; "you owe me five shillings more."

"How do you make that out, when the contract was only for two days?"

"Well, why didn't you come back in two days, then?"

"Why, he carried me so far the first day, it took him two to get back. Now is it my fault or the horse's?"

"How far did you ride him the first day?" inquired Henbree.

"About seventy-five miles," replied the Irishman, "and a first rate horse he is, too."

Henbree gave it up.

Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so. As when he was president in a meeting of his ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said,

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme
At such a solemn time."

A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland, once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady, and possibly somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with his personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:

"Susan!"

Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin' ye hae'd none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if ye have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!"

Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

When Lord Elgin was in Portland, a dinner was given to him. He said to one of the committee—"This takes me by surprise. Must I make a speech?" "It will be expected, sir." "Tell me, I pray you, what you have of which you are proud? Any public works? Any public men?" "It is the birth-place sir, of Longfellow, the poet." "Does he reside here?" "He does not. He was born here. His brother Samuel still lives here. We are accustomed to speak of him as a townsman, and are very proud of him." "Thank you sir, thank you." Elgin was called. Elgin rose. "Portland, we know you! Your fame has reached across the Atlantic! for yours is the proud honor to have given birth to America's greatest poet—the world-renowned *Samuel* Longfellow!"

A lady was recently visited by a female servant who had been married, and seeing that she presented an appearance of having very much bettered her circumstances, she inquired the nature of her husband's profession. To this interrogatory the young woman replied, "He is an askey, ma'am." "An askey?" inquired the good lady, with astonishment, "and what in the world is that?" "O, ma'am, he stands in the street and asks." "Why, you don't mean to say you have married a beggar, do you?" "Yes, ma'am, but it's very good business. My husband thinks it very hard work indeed, if he don't bring home more than five shillings a day."

One Saturday evening, a little boy, not over four years of age, while going down Broadway, New York, was stopped by a crowd of men, seated in front of the Broadway Hotel. One of the company, who had during the evening made repeated efforts at wit, said to the boy:

"Sonny, does your mamma know you're out?"

The little fellow very coolly answered:

"Yes, sir, my ma give me three cents to buy a monkey—are you for sale?" and then passed on, whilst a "Yankee Doodle," leaving the crowd convulsed with laughter.

A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his language, came upon a youngster a few days since sitting upon the bank of the river, angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him:

"Adolesce, at thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe, to engulph into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?"

"No," said the boy, "*I'm a fisher!*"

When a man comes home late and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, poke the fire with the spout of a coffee pot, attempt to wind up the clock with the bootjack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with a paper knife takes a cold potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

In one of Queen Anne's parliaments there were two members named Montague Matthieu and Matthew Montague. Some one having attributed opinions to the first gentleman which ought to have been ascribed to the second, the latter, in repudiating the charge, stated that, notwithstanding the similarity of the name, there was as much difference between them as a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse.

Burying an Attorney.—An attorney in London dying exceedingly poor a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expense of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling!" said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea, go, bury one and twenty of them."

In the vicinity of Cape Cod two apple trees and a mullen stalk are called an orchard. Captain Cobb owns five plum trees, and is looked upon as an aristocrat. One year they don't bear, and the next they can't, for the school boys using the bullets to kill owls with. Great country, that Cape Cod.

The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their temper, and an eyewitness says that they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.

Revenge is longer lived than gratitude. Endorse Mr. Smith's note to keep him from bursting, and he will forget all about it in a month. Pull Mr. Smith's nose, and he will cherish a secret desire to burn your house down for the remainder of his life.

The editress of the Ladies' Repository says: "Kisses, like laces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some sweet as honey, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort."

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VOL. XI.

SHADOWS

A Sto

B

CHAPTER XX

THE MISSING DIAMONDS. A CHANCE.

It was early one forenoon t
ton placed in the hands of her
which she stated had just been
It was a crumpled and dirty d
envelope, of blue ruled paper.
evidently not familiar with c
pondence. He had certainly
experiments in folding the pa
satisfied himself, and the thumb
adopted, showed him—supposin
a man—a person of peculiar ta
this remarkable missive was of
bore the impression of a twent
The address was written in sc
characters, abundantly illustrat
in one corner a huge slantin
chalk-inged the attention of the y
bly dainty dame had never bef
an unpromising missive.

Mrs. Norman opened it with
fingers, curiosity overcoming
ran in this wise:

"No. —, Chatham

"Mr. Moses Santon, as Abo
Compliments and Respects to
and wonid she be so good, as
and examine Some property D
supposed to belong to Mrs. N
ad'sanced on deposit of Persona
mediate attention requested to t

"What can this man mean!"
handing the note to her maid.

"I suppose he is a pawnbrok
is alarmed at having suspicion
possession. But you have miss

"Nothing whatever."

"You had better write him to

"I rather think I had better
The person who sent such a doc
character, and really he has earn
I can go incognito, you know.
engage me a hackney coach.
draw up at the corner of the nex
time I will change my dress, a
drawn down, I can visit this per
out fear of recognition."

The lady was a person who c
ed with great promptitude. W
was executing her command, sh
plain carriage-dress, with bonnet
and by the time the girl returned
In company with Rosine she lef
the two, entering the carriage
driven to the designated numb
Street, where the lady alighted, a
the threshold of the Three Balls
man loaded with mock jewelry w
and in reply to her inquiry for M
ly pointed to the back office.
way through the mass of trum
the passage-way, the lady follow
and found herself in the presence
who performed a sort of Orient
mention of her name. This sal
he drew from his pocket a red ba
chief and polishing off the arms
tarnished Louis Quatorze chair,
bly to be seated. She sank int
attitude of studied grace, for
artificial and vain woman was n
off her attractions on the humbl

"You have sent for me, sir,
property supposed to belong to m
I have missed nothing, there is a
that I have lost something with
of it. What are the articles?"

"Shewels, ma'am—beautiful

"Then they can't be mine. I
none of *my* jewels have been pa
them too carefully."

"O, it is all well, then. I'm re
lost I'm honest. Not for the w
Moses deal in stolen goods. I
were so beautiful—and they say
wears do very dissent in the city."

"You couldn't let me look at

"O, certainly, madam. I s